BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY
1947

FRANK KING
KIMBALL McILROY

RICHARD ULLMANN
MARGARET CHUTE

JANE GORDON

1/6

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Stocks are limited. So please don't insist on a particular model. Your stockist will be pleased to show you all available Norvic styles.

Natural Beauty

NORVIC

NORVIC SHOE COMPANY LIMITED NORWICH

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 34, No. 5 MAY, 1947

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Contents for May

Florence Nightingale, the "lady of the lamp," born May 15, 1820, died 1910. With thirty-seven nurses, went to Scutari, took charge of the base hospital and produced wonderful results in caring for the wounded and sick

Cover Design

by *Critchlow*

Articles

Portuguese Peep Show
by *Harry J. Greenwall* 13 and 54

Weather Ship Chain for the Atlantic
by *Webster Fawcett*
Illustration
by *S. E. Beck* 14–15 and 51

Diamond Days
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16 and 56

To Kew In Lilac Time
by *Wilma Buckley* 20

Historical Romances II
Gloriana's Indian Summer
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 20–24

Life In Hollywood To-day
by *Margaret Chute* 25 and 61

Quaint Customs of Whitsuntide
by *Reece Winstone* 29 and 58

Unsolved Mysteries of the Occult
by *J. J. Lynx* 42 and 64

Home Section

Musts In May 33

Let's Look At Paris
by *Winifred Lewis* 34–35

Health and Beauty
by *Chrysis*
Colour Up For Summer 36
What Ails You? 36–37
Shine No More, Lady 37
New Designs For Living 38–39
Enterprise Unlimited 40

In Search of Glamour
by *Jane Gordon* 43 and 58

Knitting :
Rainbow Sweater 44 and 66
Bolero in Blue 44 and 66

French Couture 1947 45

Cookery
by *Harriet Muir*
Enjoy Your Vitamins 46
Springtime—Lambtime 47
Two Uses for Green Gooseberries 47

Very Important Person 48 and 61

General

Books :
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 66

Stories

Hand Of Glory
by *Frank King*
Illustrations
by *Edward Osmond* 9–12 and 51

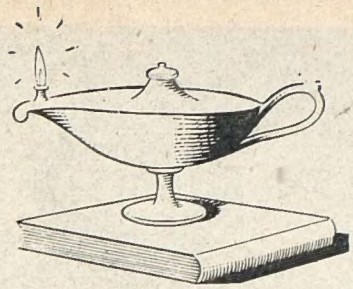
The Perfect Present
by *Richard Ullmann*
Illustrations
by *Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.* 17–19 and 67

She Lit the Amber Candles
by *Mary Just*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 26–28 and 61

The Intrigue at Lower Millham
by *Kimball McIlroy*
Illustrations
by *Frank M. Lea* 30–32 and 62

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.



"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

Although medical science is continually learning new truths and developing old ones, one health rule remains rock-steady through all new discoveries. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein if they are to withstand the strain of these harassing days. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' are organic phosphorus and protein chemically combined. Supplies are still limited and are being distributed as fairly as possible.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present—
7/5d. (including Purchase Tax).
A 'Genatosan' Product.

II

JACOB'S
water biscuits

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD.

Sirdar Leaflet No. 1166.

Lady's Jumper in Sirdar Majestic Wool 3-ply (formerly known as Super Shetland Wool 3-ply). Bust 32-34 inches. Leaflet price 4d. from Stores and Woolshops, or 5d. post free from

HARRAP BROS. (SIRDAR WOOLS) LIMITED, BECTIVE MILLS, WAKEFIELD

Hair Beauty begins with

Superma

The **ORIGINAL MACHINELESS WAVE**

of leading Ladies' Hairdressers everywhere, or names and addresses from Superma, Ltd., 2, Old Bond St., London, W.1.

Hardy Amies

added simple, stitched, fine-grain gloves by DENT'S to this glowing, racey outfit. The suit has discreetly padded pockets and unpressed pleats. The companion topper is cut with a dashing flare. Created in reddy brown and black Cumberland tweed. The gloves are chestnut coloured, perfectly fitting, and give that extra fillip to this very thoroughbred ensemble.

DENT'S GLOVES

Hand in Glove with Style for over 150 years

She chooses her new shoes from Manfield's style collections. They include Manfield's own designs . . the latest American styles . . the smartest creations of Brevitt . . Vani-Tred . . Norvic . . Arch-preserver. Quotas vary in different Manfield shops, but Manfield assistants will readily help you to find shoes you have set your heart on — well-made, well-fitting, smart!

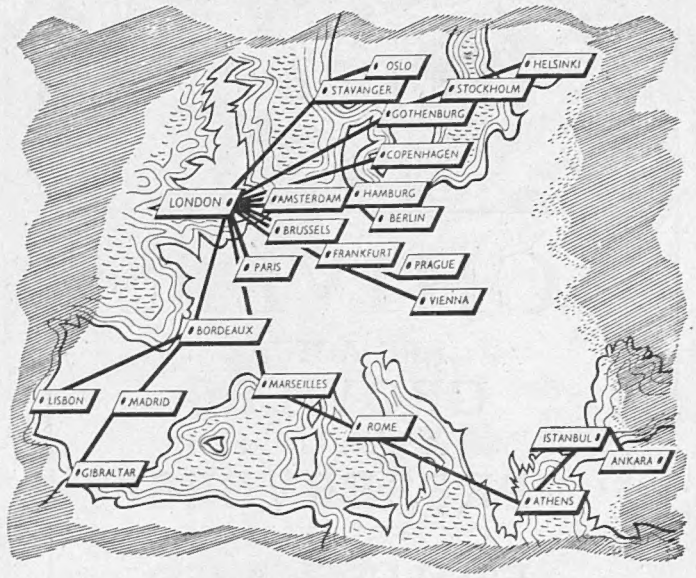
smart woman . .
to get her
smart shoes
at
Manfield's

"Jolly good biscuits!"

Make the most of your ten minutes' break by eating one or two Weston's Biscuits. They give you back energy. They taste delicious. Made in the inimitable Weston way from the finest ingredients obtainable, they are biscuits of fine quality.

Weston's

FLY TO THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF EUROPE



BEA

BEA

THE KEY TO EUROPE

British European Airways Headquarters Northolt Middlesex **Reservations and enquiries through all principal travel agents and at Airways Terminal SW1 Telephone : VICtoria 2323**

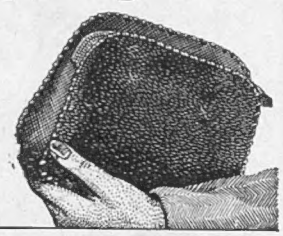
Stuarts

KEEP A FIRM HOLD OF YOUR

shopping drill

DESIRE!

"My dear—the very thing!"

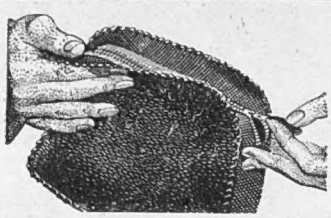


DEBATE!

"But is it worth all that?"

DEFER!

"No! I think I'll wait till there's more choice"



What's the point in keeping down our spending? Well, for one thing, Savings will mean more and better spending later on. And—more important—the less we buy at home, the more we can sell abroad to help the rebuilding of our vital export trade.

Today's best value is SAVINGS

Issued by the National Savings Committee

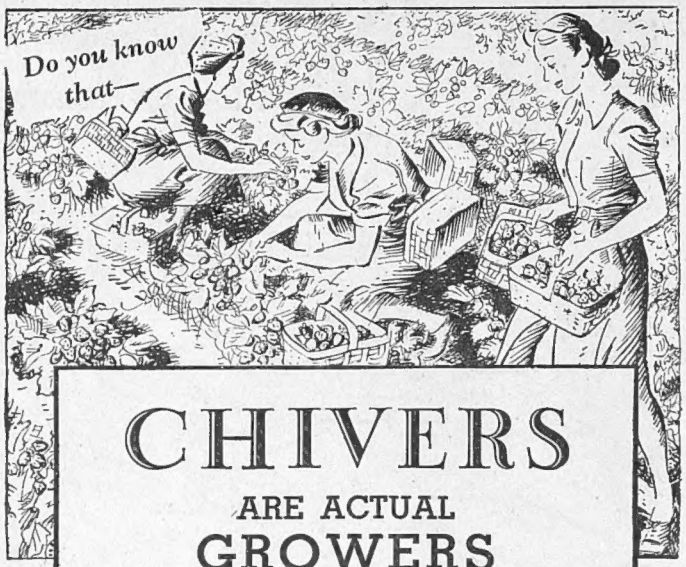
Scarlet Pimpernel

Gay... Vivid... "real red" lipstick

Helena Rubinstein has achieved another triumph with her latest colour—"Scarlet Pimpernel". The note is unabashed red with not a hint of blue, mauve or yellow... just a warm, glowing, rapturous red. Wear it by day... wear it at night... wear it whether you are blonde or brunette. "Scarlet Pimpernel" will make your lips irresistible. Lipstick 10/10d. Rouge-en-Creme 7/6d. Prices include tax.

Helena Rubinstein

48 BERKELEY SQUARE · LONDON · W.1 · GROSVENOR 1407



CHIVERS

ARE ACTUAL
GROWERS
AS WELL AS
PRESERVERS
OF BEST QUALITY
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Chivers Jams, Jellies, Marmalade, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, etc., are prepared in the fresh, pure air of the country.

Chivers & Sons Ltd., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge

TI02G

Charles II teaspoon, of beautiful and delicate craftsmanship, dating from 1680.

To grace the tea table

Pleasure at the modern tea table is completed by the biscuits of McVitie & Price Ltd.

Mc VITIE & PRICE LTD
Makers of Fine Biscuits

EDINBURGH LONDON AND MANCHESTER

Mrs. Jones and her ¾ of a Hoover!

Well, perhaps it's not quite as bad as that, but a good many Hoover cleaners today must be less efficient than they might be. Have yours inspected by a qualified Hoover representative, and given any service attention it needs. Register for this home service now by filling in and posting coupon below. Especially if you have changed your address during or after the war.

As fast as Hoover Cleaners are made they are delivered to Authorised Hoover Dealers, sound people whom you can trust.

THE **HOOVER** REGISTERED TRADE MARK

HOOVER LTD., (E.172) PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX
Please register my name and address for the Hoover home service scheme.

.....

.....

.....

Take it from me

Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels double the life of your shoes!

She's lucky as well as lovely—
her suit's a HERSHELLE!
Fine suiting with cross-over buttoning corsage flaps, pencil-slim skirt . . . .

★ Look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

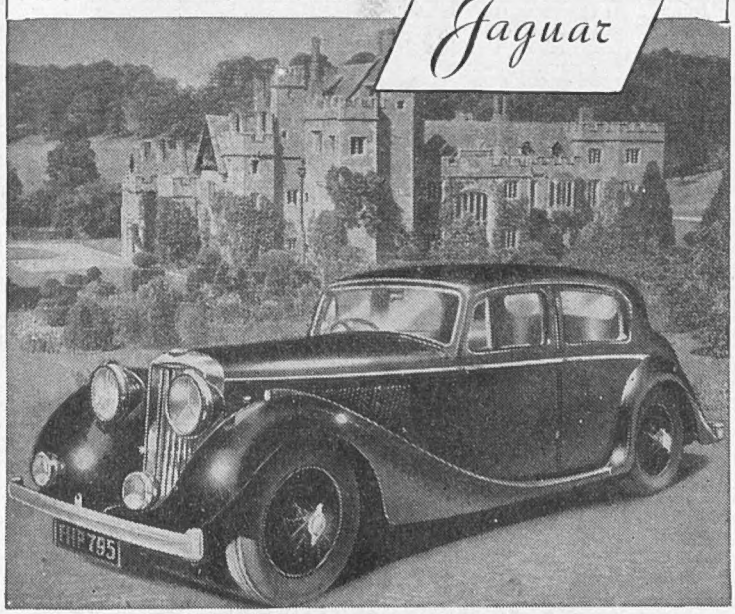
Hershelle MODEL

The finest car of its class in the world . . . .

The presence and performance of the Jaguar are alike distinguished and have earned universal approval. Each of the Saloon Models offered on 1½, 2½ and 3½ litre chassis is a full 5 seater car, luxuriously appointed and incorporating many modern refinements.

Compton Wyniates, stately Warwicks mansion.

Jaguar



JAGUAR CARS LTD., COVENTRY

Glamorous Beauty

. . . PERFECTED FOR TODAY
. . . PROTECTED FOR TOMORROW

★ With "Pan-Cake" make-up you can perfect your beauty . . . and protect it, too. This is the famous glamorising make-up, with the exclusive formula that actually safeguards skin against drying.

WITH
PAN-CAKE
BRAND
MAKE-UP

'MAX FACTOR' Cosmetics of the Stars are obtainable from your local Chemist, Hairdresser & Store

Max Factor ★
HOLLYWOOD & LONDON

LUCILLE BALL
MGM STAR

From the Chilprufe Album

This is DAVID

To see this fine looking, boisterous handful of health, you would hardly credit the constant anxieties of his first few weeks. But right from the start, David has had the comfort and protection of Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear.

For those who are less fortunate (there just isn't enough Chilprufe to go round, we know) there is a really first-class substitute in Chilprufe 'Utility'. Made in the same tradition of craftsmanship, cut and finish, Chilprufe 'Utility' is a very good 'next best.'

Chilprufe
Regd.
for CHILDREN

Also CHILPRUFE Dresses, Rompers, Cardigans, Buster Suits for toddlers, Shoes for Babies, Pram Toys and Man-Tailored Coats for Children.

Supplied only through Chilprufe Agents.

CHILPRUFE IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
LEICESTER

LIBERTY'S
of REGENT STREET

Current Austins comprise 8, 10, 12 and 16 h.p. de-luxe, 4-door, 4-cylinder sliding head saloons, priced from £285 to £525. Also the '110' Sheerline and '120' Princess 6-cylinder saloons, priced at £1,000 and £1,500 respectively. *All the above prices are subject to Purchase Tax.*

more and more, people are saying...

AUSTIN

—you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO LTD • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM

BACK THEY COME

ONE BY ONE

The old joys are coming back. Just as the gay Maypole, with its peacetime merry-making, has this year bedecked many a village green, so some of the '57 Varieties,' with their freshness, goodness and appetising flavour, are already adding joy and variety to British meals.

HEINZ 57 VARIETIES

ALREADY ABOUT: Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Salad Cream, Soups, Sandwich Spread, Pickles and Vinegar.

QUICK COOKING
for busy days

Busy Spring-cleaning days call for dishes that are easy to prepare. If you have a large *thick* frying-pan, you can save time and trouble with recipes for which you might normally use the oven. The following suggestions use either no fat, or less than for ordinary fried dishes, and you don't have to stand over the pan all the time they're cooking. *All spoons level, all quantities for four*, and all recipes kitchen-tested.

Pan HOT-POT

1 dessertspoon plain flour, ½ pint water, ½ teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 8 oz. cooked cubed root vegetables, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, pinch of pepper, 4 oz. chopped cooked meat (corned beef, sausage or canned meat may be used), 1 lb. cold sliced boiled potato.
Blend the flour with a little of the water in which the extract has been dissolved. Put the rest of the water on to boil, add to the paste, return to the pan, add the rest of the ingredients and cover with a layer of sliced potato. Put a saucepan lid or large plate over the frying-pan, allow to cook over a very low heat for 10 to 15 minutes.

Pan BREAD PUDDING

3 oz. plain flour and 1½ teaspoons baking powder or 3 oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon dried egg, dry, pinch of salt, 2 tablespoons water, ¼ pint milk, 2 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, 2 oz. any dried fruit, chopped, ½ oz. cooking fat, 1 tablespoon sugar.
Mix the flour, baking powder if used, egg and salt well together, add the water and milk and beat well. Add the crumbs and fruit. Melt the fat in a thick frying-pan, pour in the mixture and spread to an even thickness. Cook over a very gentle heat for 15-20 minutes. Turn very carefully and continue cooking on the other side for a further 10-15 minutes. Serve sprinkled with the sugar.

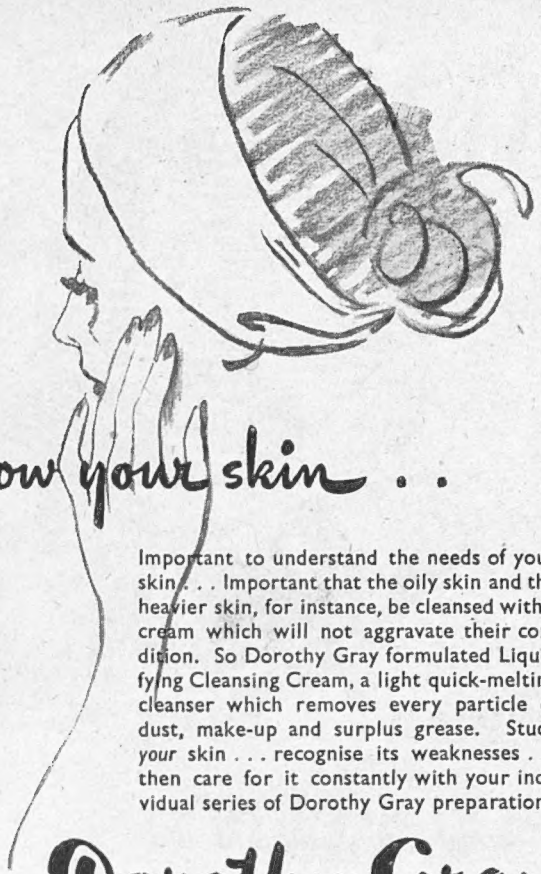
Pan SCONES

8 oz. self-raising flour or 8 oz. plain flour and 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 oz. margarine, a bare ¼ pint milk.
Mix the flour, baking powder if used, and salt together, rub in the margarine. Mix to a soft dough with the milk. Turn on to a floured board and roll out to ¼" thickness. Cut into 8 rounds or triangles. Well grease a thick frying-pan and cook over a very slow heat for 15-20 minutes until golden brown, turn and brown on the other side.

Pan CORNED BEEF FRY

4 oz. diced corned beef, 1 lb. mixed cooked vegetables, diced, 1 lb. cooked mashed potatoes, seasoning, ½ oz. cooking fat.
Mix together the beef, vegetables and potatoes and season well. Melt the fat in a pan and spoon in the mixture. Fry for about 10 minutes turning on all sides; finally, allow to brown.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.169)

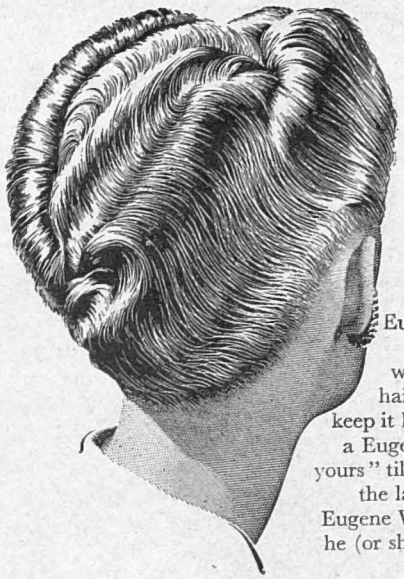


know your skin . .

Important to understand the needs of your skin . . . Important that the oily skin and the heavier skin, for instance, be cleansed with a cream which will not aggravate their condition. So Dorothy Gray formulated Liquefying Cleansing Cream, a light quick-melting cleanser which removes every particle of dust, make-up and surplus grease. Study your skin . . . recognise its weaknesses . . . then care for it constantly with your individual series of Dorothy Gray preparations.

Dorothy Gray Regd.

The Dorothy Gray Booklet will help you identify your skin. Booklet sent on request to Dorothy Gray Salon, 32 New Bond Street, W.1.



★ Swing high

You can do lovely, different things with a Eugene wave. Sleek waves or fluffy curls — Eugene makes all styles possible because it's the most versatile wave in the world. Brush your hair, too, as much as you like to keep it healthy; brushing won't harm a Eugene wave. It's "permanently yours" till the hairdresser's scissors snip the last of it off. See a Registered Eugene Waver about your next wave; he (or she) will give you good advice.

Sweep low ★

★ *Any Registered Eugene Waver will be pleased to show you the genuine Eugene sachets that he uses for your permanent wave.*

eugène

E.IN

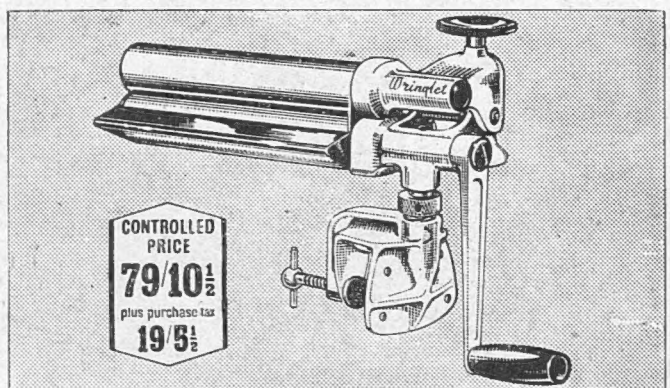
background to every lovely hair style

MIN will give your furniture a rich, lustrous polish *in half a MINute*

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED FURNITURE

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4



Cream enamelled Chromium plated Open ended rubber rollers • Ball bearings provide effortless operation No maintenance required • Single point attachment

PARNALL

WRINGLET

WRINGING MACHINE

PARNALL (YATE) LIMITED
43 PARK ST., LONDON, W.1

clean *deep* to let your beauty bloom

Thoroughly cleanse the skin with firm upward-outward strokes of cotton wool well soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk.

Remove surplus Cleansing Milk with dry cotton wool or soft cleansing tissue. Now you are ready to make up.

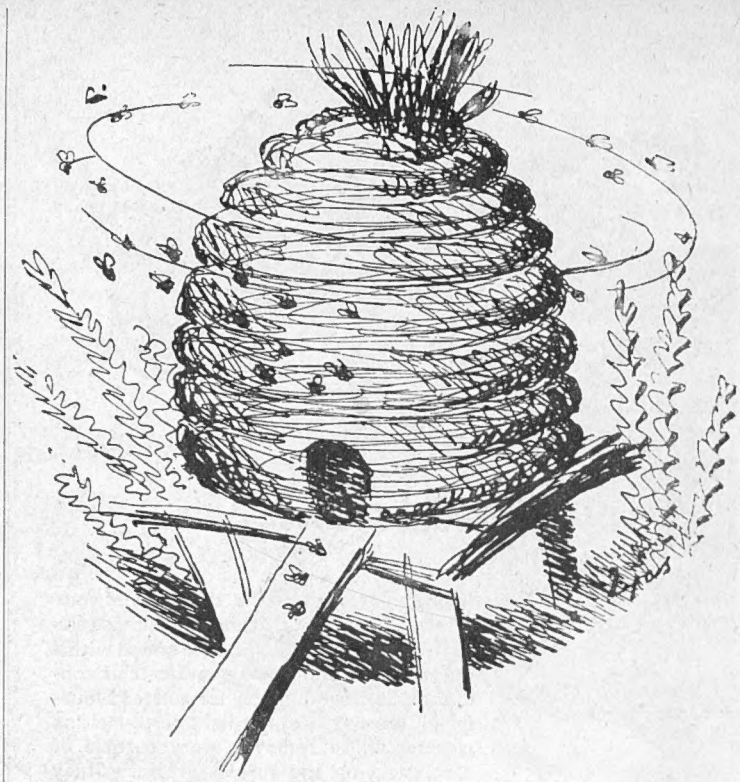
During the day whenever your skin needs refreshing, use Anne French Cleansing Milk and look your best.

Because it is so finely emulsified, Anne French Cleansing Milk penetrates DEEP into your pores to clear away the tiny specks of dust, so often the cause of skin blemishes.

Anne French
CLEANSING MILK

Price **2/6** *including Purchase Tax*

2/5 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



Get busy knitting but mind your Ps and Bs

P&B WOOLS

Patons & Baldwins Ltd. N1

A Victorian Picnic
from a coloured engraving. About 1860

The pleasures of the table have never been confined to indoors; neither has the charm and beauty of Irish linen! Our great-grandmothers praised its snowy perfection, and no knowledgeable housewife of today takes a second to make up her mind on those rare occasions when she is offered 'pure Irish linen, madam'

IRISH * LINEN
graces every occasion

ISSUED BY THE IRISH LINEN GUILD

REGD.

MOCCASIN *Shoes*

Your search for good shoes is rewarded at the sign of the Indian Head. Here you can choose for smart style—and rely on good leather, good workmanship, long-lasting comfort as a matter of course. When you visit a shoe shop—look for this MOCCASIN Shoe sign.

Two-Purpose Shoe

27

PADMORE & BARNES LTD., *Moccasin Shoe Makers*, NORTHAMPTON

Britannia and Eve

Elizabethans Celebrating May Day

When Tessie saw something else she screamed—and screamed. Things happened quickly. A floor valet came running

Hand Of Glory

A Short Story

By

Frank King

Illustrations by Edward Osmond.

PUNCTUALLY at ten-thirty Tessie O'Dwyer stepped out of the lift at the fifth floor and carried her tray along the thickly-carpeted corridor to Eric Kincaird's door. The management of Avondale Court, probably the most expensive service flats in London, watched over the comfort of the tenants with a motherly eye. If Mr. Kincaird wanted his breakfast at ten-thirty, he got it.

Balancing her tray on one hand, Tessie unlocked the door of the flat with her passkey and entered the little hall beyond. Her knock at the bedroom door brought no reply. She tried the handle. It opened readily enough. She saw that the room was empty, that the bed had not been slept in.

Tessie happened to know that Mr. Kincaird had come home quite early last night. He 'd told the porter that he was going straight to bed to nurse a cold. A premonitory shiver ran through her. She began to feel in her bones that something was wrong.

" Mr. Kincaird ! " she called softly. " Mr. Kincaird ! "

The flat remained silent. The feeling in Tessie's bones grew stronger. After a moment of indecision, she crossed the hall and looked into the lounge. The first thing she noticed was the open window to the fire-escape. The second was Mr. Kincaird.

He was lying on the floor near the window, half-hidden from Tessie's view by the intervening grand piano. He was fully dressed and was dead. Craning her neck, she saw the blood on his face, the bullet-hole in his left temple.

When she saw something else she screamed—and screamed.

Things happened quickly. A floor valet came running. After one startled glance at Mr. Kincaird, he 'phoned down for the manager, then tried to calm Tessie's hysterics. The manager arrived, looked at Tessie, looked at Mr. Kincaird, and 'phoned for the police. White and shaken, he poured himself a cup of coffee from the tray and swallowed it.

" Horrible ! " he muttered. " His hand 's been chopped off ! Be quiet, girl ! "

" The Hand of Glory ! " wailed Tessie. " Mother of God ! The Dead Man's Hand ! "

PETER TREVOR, tall and well-built, gazed down on Mr. Kincaird. The heavy, dark eyebrows which gave him such a startling resemblance to Rudolf Hess bunched together in a frown.

" Certainly a curious case, Jimmy," he commented. " Found the missing hand ? "

Inspector Jamieson, dour old warhorse, shook his grizzled head.

" I 've found nothing," he grunted. " That 's why I asked for you."

" Anything to explain the —er—surgery ? "

" Looks like the work of a madman to me. That fool of a girl babbles about a Hand of Glory. She says in the part of Ireland where she comes from——"

" I know. An old superstition. How does it go in the ' Ingoldsby Legends ' ?

' Open lock To the Dead Man's knock !
Fly, bolt, and bar, and band !—
Nor move, nor swerve, Joint, muscle, or nerve,
At the spell of the Dead Man's hand !
Sleep all who sleep !—Wake all who wake !—
But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake ! '

" Accurately quoted, I believe. As you see, a magic spell, Jimmy. More potent than a rabbit's foot. Rather like love—laughs at locksmiths. Everyone petrified ; can neither move nor speak. Indispensable to the really efficient burglar, don't you think ? "

" No one believes such nonsense nowadays, Mr. Trevor."

" I 'm not so sure you 're right. Your Irish colleen must have at least the relics of a sneaking belief or she wouldn't have been so upset." Peter grinned. " But we won't commit ourselves just yet, eh ? Let 's see if our silent friend here can offer any suggestions."

He knelt beside the body to conduct his examination.

" Time of death was approximately nine o'clock last night. The cause was laceration of the brain, due to a medium-sized revolver bullet, fired from a distance of about six feet, which entered the left temple and emerged above the right ear. Found it ? "

" We 're not likely to. It 's nowhere in the room. Obviously went out of the window."

" Ah ! You think the window was already open when the shot was fired ? "

" Must have been."

" What was Kincaird doing by the window ? "

" Perhaps opening it. Maybe the room was too hot. There was a big fire. The ashes are still warm."

" Central heating, electric radiator—and a fire ? "

" I asked the manager about it. He says a lot of the tenants prefer open fires, so they 're always left laid ready for lighting."

" Kincaird had a cold, of course. He might have felt like—— Yet he told the porter he intended going straight to bed. What time did he return here last night ? "

" Ten past eight."

" Is there any indication of burglary ? Any suggestion that the window was opened from outside ? "

" If you look at the catch, Mr. Trevor, you 'll see that 's impossible. It 's not a type that can be forced from outside."

" Right. Then the murderer sneaked up to the flat in the ordinary way without being noticed. He may have been waiting for Kincaird ; or he may have followed him. If the shooting occurred about nine, he couldn't have been very much later than his victim. And by the same token, Jimmy, Kincaird didn't open the window because the room was too hot."

" Who says so ? "

" I do. Even if he lit the fire as soon as he came in, it couldn't generate an uncomfortable heat in less than an hour."

Jamieson grunted. " That 's true."

" Then why did he open the window ? "

" He wouldn't be trying to escape, perhaps ? "

" The window was already open when the shot was fired. If he was trying to get out, you 'd expect the bullet to enter the back of his head rather than his temple. And why the fire-escape, anyhow ? Why not the door ? No, I don't make much of your escape theory, Jimmy."

" Maybe you 've a better one ? "

" I wish I had ! A winter's night. A man with a cold. Standing by an open window. Presumably deep in a quarrel which led to his death. I can't see rhyme or reason in it. It intrigues me. So does the fire. Was anything burned on it ? "

" You can see the ashes. We collected them for further examination."

Jamieson led the way into the dining-room, and lifted the lid of a box which lay on a table. Peter's dark eyebrows contracted as he studied its contents.

" Been pretty well stirred up," he muttered. " You weren't intended to learn much from this little lot." He poked a cautious finger among the débris. " A bit of charred leather. Nothing that looks like the remains of documents or letters. Wait a minute ! What have we here ? A fragment of cardboard, isn't it ? And here 's some more that hasn't been completely burned. Oh, and look, Jimmy ! " He bent lower over the table. " This flat bit of ash. Can't you see writing on it ? "

" Yes, it does look like smudged writing. But——"

" Reversed ? "

" Sure ! That 's it ! "

" Blotting-paper. Together with leather and cardboard. Find out if Kincaird possessed a leather-bound blotter, will you ? "

Jamieson hurried out. He was back in a few minutes.

" A chambermaid says," he reported, " that there was one on the writing-table in the lounge when she cleaned the room yesterday. It isn't there now."

Peter strolled back into the lounge, and stood looking thoughtfully down at the writing-table. It had pigeon-holes for stationery, a flat, leather-covered top, and two drawers beneath.

" The chambermaid did her stuff well," he commented. " No trace of dust outlining the position of the blotter. Why should anyone burn a blotter ? " he demanded suddenly. " Not just the paper from it, mind you but the whole caboodle ? "

" You tell me," muttered Jamieson.

" I 'll try. I 've been a bit worried about the comparative absence of blood. Even though Kincaird died instantly, there must have been a certain amount of bleeding from the wounds in his head. And even though his hand was cut off after death there must have been some oozing from the stump. Where did the blood go ? Not on the carpet. Nor yet on the linoleum."

" Gosh ! I get you ! It was on the blotter."

" Suppose it was. Did the murderer deliberately put this under Kincaird's head to catch any blood ? "

" Why should he ? "

" There you 've got me. I can't imagine why he should be so neat and tidy. Still, supposing he did, why burn the blotter afterwards ? There 's only one possible answer to that. He didn't want us to discover the blood on it."

" What difference could that make ? "

" I 'm groping in the dark, Jimmy. I can't believe that the blotter was placed under Kincaird's head merely to prevent blood getting on to the carpet. Doesn't make sense. Here 's

another suggestion which strikes me as much more plausible. Suppose Kincaid was sitting at this writing-table when he was shot. His head might very naturally fall forward on to the blotter, don't you think?"

"Sure! But——"

"And the burning was intended to prevent us from suspecting where he'd been shot."

"Sounds reasonable enough." Jamieson shrugged helplessly. "Up to a point. But why the hanky-panky? Why go to all that trouble to fool us? What did the murderer gain by it?"

"I wish I knew. He comes up here and shoots Kincaid for some reason unknown. He shifts the body from the writing-table for some reason unknown. He lights the fire, and burns the bloodstained blotter in the hope of fooling us—for some reason unknown. Then, before leaving, he cuts off the dead man's hand for some reason unknown. Utterly and completely impossible! Yet you've the nerve to expect me to solve such a puzzle."

Jamieson's dour features softened into a smile.

"You know you love doing it, Mr. Trevor."

"Think so?" Peter dropped on to the settee. "I'm not feeling particularly affectionate at the moment. Trouble is, we're getting nowhere, Jimmy; merely tying ourselves in knots. Let's try some other angle. Any ideas about motive?"

"I've not been able to pick up anything definite. The folks here know little or nothing about him, except that he'd plenty of money and owns a night-club, the Golden Bar. I had a word with the manager, a chap called Blount. Nothing there, either. Blount's never heard of any relative. He says Kincaid was a peculiar sort of bloke who made neither friends nor enemies."

"That's not strictly accurate, obviously. A casual acquaintance might shoot you; he'd hardly cut off your hand. Did you discover whether Kincaid really had a cold?"

"Blount says so. According to him, they were going over some accounts together early in the evening. About half-past seven Kincaid said he felt rotten, and would go home to bed. He told Blount to carry on at the club."

"Fits in. No disgruntled employees?"

"According to Blount, no."

"No one in the building here with a grudge against him?"

"The manager says not."

"Helpful, aren't you, Jimmy?"

"I've a notion of my own," ventured Jamieson diffidently. "Though maybe I shouldn't mention it, seeing it's only a notion."

"Go on, man! I'm wide open for notions."

"We found some I.O.U.s in that right-hand drawer; for pretty big amounts. There hasn't been time to check up on them yet, so I don't know whether there's been gambling for high stakes at the Golden Bar, or whether Kincaid's been lending money as a sideline. Anyhow, it struck me there might be a motive for murder here."

When the door opened to admit an undersized, ginger-haired little man with weak, watery eyes, an almost ludicrous surprise showed on his tense features. "Well, if it isn't Slippy Bingham!" exclaimed Jimmy

" The murderer owed Kincaird money, you mean, and was being dunned for payment? He came last night to plead for time, was refused, turned nasty, and did his stuff?"

" Something like that."

" Not a bad notion at all, Jimmy. I 'd rather believe it than try to persuade myself that he came here for the sole purpose of taking Kincaird's right hand away with him." Peter rose to his feet and paced about the room. " But it doesn't get us anywhere, does it? If the murderer had time to light fires, and so on, he 'd time to find his own I.O.U. and destroy it, locking the drawer behind him—again to throw us off the scent. The motive angle doesn't seem to be helping much. What about the Hand of Glory?"

" What about it, Mr. Trevor?"

" All I can tell you is this: Kincaird's hand was cut off some time after death by someone with no anatomical knowledge. The instrument used was not particularly sharp; probably an ordinary penknife. Those are the facts. Now for theories." Jamieson shook his grizzled head.

" I can only think the man was mad," he muttered.

" I don't agree. Whoever burned that blood-stained blotter had all his wits about him."

" Some kind of revenge, perhaps?"

" What satisfaction could any sane individual get from cutting off a dead man's hand? Don't forget that he took it away with him."

" Sounds as though you 're hinting at that old superstition."

" We 've got to keep it in mind, haven't we? Though I admit I don't attach too much importance to it. But it offers the only logical explanation for this amateur surgery we 've struck so far. And I can't even imagine many more."

' Beats me altogether."

" Surely not? Suppose for some reason the murderer wished Kincaird's fingerprints to be found on some heavy object—say, a safe."

" Shades of Bruce! Where do you get such ideas?"

" They come—and go. I don't make much of that one; the forgery would almost certainly be discovered. A more likely possibility is a question of identification. For instance, Kincaird might have had a birthmark or something of the sort on his hand. If we 'd found this, it might have told us that he 'd been impersonating someone else, hiding his real identity."

" Gosh! That 's worth following out!" exclaimed Jamieson. " Maybe you 've solved the problem. Who 'd be the likeliest person to know about any physical peculiarity? Blount, eh? And he 's got a perfect alibi for the murder. Safe enough to ask him?"

" Why not?" agreed Peter. He listened to Jamieson's one-sided conversation on the telephone. " Nothing doing?"

" No."

" Then I 'm afraid I 'm a broken reed, Jimmy. You 're up against a very baffling case, and I can't offer you a single suggestion or idea. Unless the post-mortem tells us anything, I look like letting you down with a bump. Shall we have the body moved?"

" Very well, Mr. Trevor."

Two constables brought in a stretcher, lifted Eric Kincaird on to it, and carried him out. Peter watched in brooding silence, his heavy eyebrows bunched together in a sullen frown. Suddenly a spark of excitement lit up in his dark eyes. He dropped on his knees again.

" Look at this, Jimmy!"

The body had been lying obliquely across the edge of the carpet, its legs towards the window. Its removal had disclosed something on the highly-polished surface of the linoleum surround.

Jamieson stooped to inspect the faint marking.

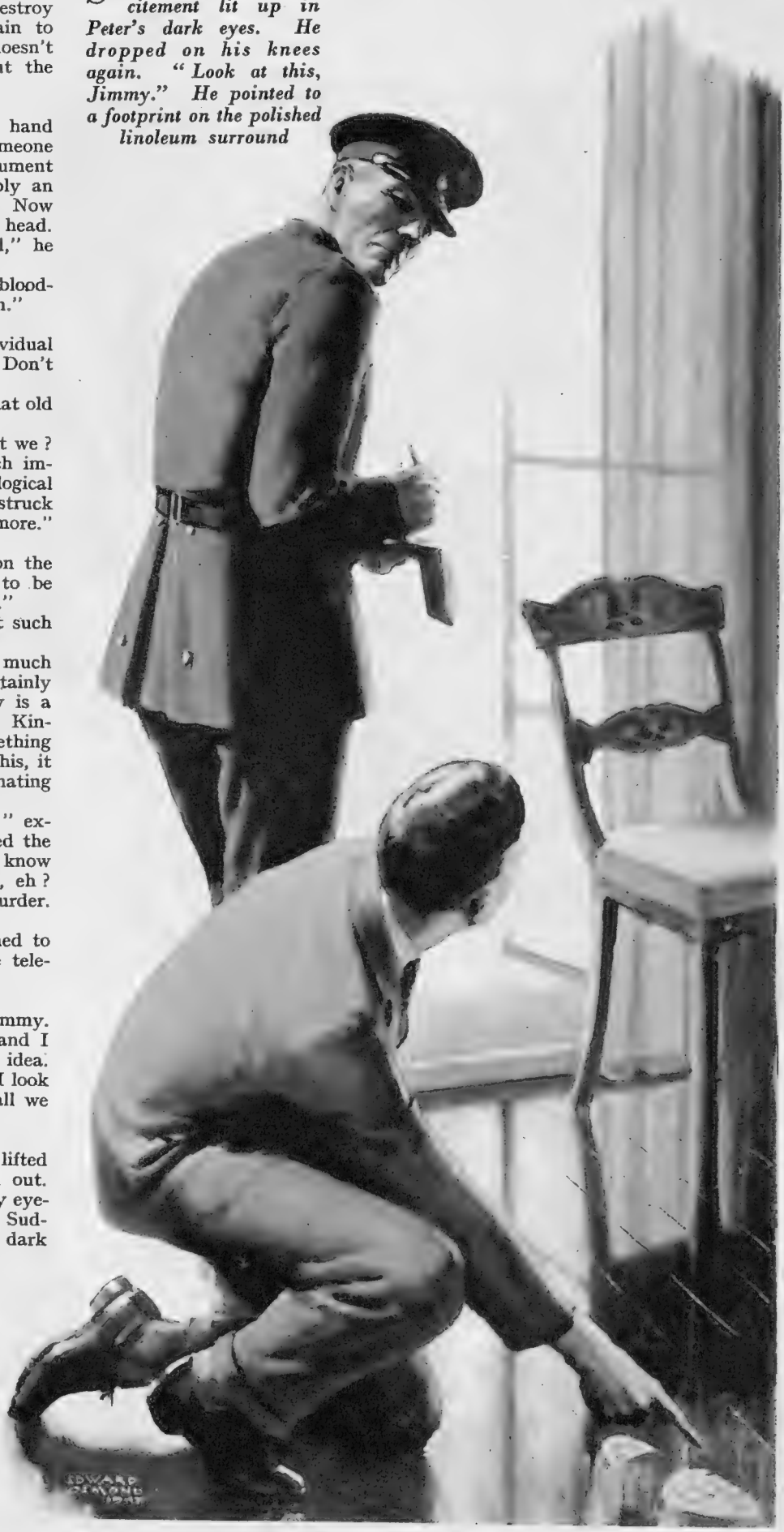
" A footprint," he said, without much interest.

" Yes. Quite clear, isn't it, although so faint? Pointing away from the window. And it was *under* the body!"

" So what? Might have been made any time."

" The room was cleaned yesterday. The chambermaid, as we 've already noted, did her job thoroughly. This linoleum 's a credit to her. The print was made since she cleaned up, and before Kincaird's body fell here. By a man. Rubber soles—you can see the pattern quite distinctly. Kincaird doesn't wear them. Who does?" (*Continued on page 51*)

Suddenly a spark of excitement lit up in Peter's dark eyes. He dropped on his knees again. " Look at this, Jimmy." He pointed to a footprint on the polished linoleum surround



Two views of Estoril, Lisbon's luxurious resort near the mouth of the Tagus, a half-hour's run by electric train from the capital of Portugal

(On left)
The Public Gardens, showing the Casino in the background

(Below)
The entrance to the Public Gardens and the Hotel Palacio

Portuguese Peep Show

By Harry J. Greenwall

I SUPPOSE this should be the Prologue. Anyway, it happened when the world was still at war and Portugal was very, very neutral, except, of course, for some rich Portuguese who became much, much richer, because they sold much wolfram to the Germans. It was a fact I noted at the time, that whereas the Portuguese poorer classes were genuinely pro-Ally, when one reached the upper strata of society, those with magnificent names, but who like the folk in the song, "they got no money at all," the pro-Ally feeling was most noticeable by its absence, which seemed to make the heart grow fonder of the Germans.

One day a plane coming from New York descended on Portella field. Nothing extraordinary in that you may say; planes were always coming from New York. Indeed you are right, but from this plane there stepped a quite good-looking dark young man whose passport bore the name: Dr. Otto Hapsburg, by profession a doctor of philosophy. Mother Zita who stayed behind in the United States had sent her first-born to Europe to try his luck in regaining the throne of Austria on which his father, the ill-starred Karl had sat for so short a time. Looking down from the air the young doctor of philosophy could perhaps see through the Atlantic mists the island of Madeira where his father died.

Where should Dr. Otto go now, but to the home of a family of Portuguese aristocrats, with Austrian ties, with whom two of his younger brothers were staying?

Now you know that the Pretender to the throne of Austria landed in Portugal during the war; at the time several thousand people knew it, but the Portuguese censors took very good care that *you* should not know it. Archduke Otto of Hapsburg stayed but a short time in Portugal. He left to call on the Pope in Rome. At that moment "Uncle Joe" Stalin turned down a thumb: no restoration of the Monarchy in Austria, he said. So it was bye-bye Hapsburgs. Dr. Otto Hapsburg packed his bag and went to Cairo, but he was the pioneer in Portugal of a procession of wouldbe kings and men who had been kings and would be kings again. Now the curtain rises on Estoril, Lisbon's luxurious resort near the mouth of the Tagus, a half-hour's run in a German made electric train. The skies are cloudless and blue; the sun shines hotly and brightly. The terrace overlooking the beach is dotted with brightly coloured parasols. Back of the terrace is a lovely sloping garden with two graceful semi-circular arcades. Under the one on the left is a barber's shop. Senhor Espirito Santo da Sousa is shaving a little old man, he must be eighty past, but he seems hale and hearty. As the lather is scraped from his face we recognize the little old man. A Downy Old Bird if ever there was one. It is Alexandre Lerroux, once the chief of the Spanish Republicans, a man who fought tooth and nail to unseat the Spanish Monarchy, but, well, I don't know; he became known as a "Palace Republican" and it is a fact that more than once he lunched with ex-King Alphonso in his Palace on the Plaza del Oriente in Madrid. When the Monarchy eventually fell, Lerroux took office. When Franco arrived, Lerroux took to his heels, but the heels are well shod and this Downy Old Bird does not seem to be having too bad a time in Estoril.

Personages In The Story In Order Of Their Appearance

Pretender to the throne of Austria — Dr. Otto Hapsburg
A Barber — Espirito Santos da Sousa
A Downy Old Bird — Alexandre Lerroux
Don Juan — The Infanta of the Asturias
Spanish Ambassador to Lisbon — Don Nicolas Franco
A Wily Bird — Gil Robles
Pretender to the throne of France — The Comte de Paris
His Wife — A Princess of Orleans
Pretender to the throne of Italy — Ex-King Umberto
His Wife — Ex-Queen Marie-José
An Italian, ex-ambassador to London — Dino Grandi
Pretender to the throne of Portugal — Duarte Nunes
His Wife — Princess Maria of Orleans
Dictator of Portugal — Dr. Oliveira Salazar
Royal children, bankers, journalists, electricians and would-be Members of Royal Households.

Scene: Estoril, near Lisbon. *Time:* The Present.

The Downy Old Bird rises from his chair and turns to leave. The glass door opens and, look, who comes? Is it? It is! You can't mistake that drooping lower lip, so like his father's. It is Don Juan himself, the Infanta of the Asturias, Pretender to the Throne of Spain. The Spanish Pretender and the Spanish Republican look at one another without speaking, and Don Juan sits in the barber's chair just vacated by the man who set the throne of Spain wobbling.

When Don Juan and his Donna arrived in Portugal by plane from Switzerland it did indeed look as if the Infanta stood a fairly good chance of negotiating his return to Spain as king.

Prior to the (*Continued on page* 54)

Weather Ship Chain For The Atlantic

By Webster Fawcett

ONE of the fundamental visions that scientists have always cherished for a brave new world—the idea of a chain of ocean weather stations strung at anchor across the Atlantic—is coming true at last. Early this year thirteen ships will take up permanent moorings at key points in the North Atlantic and commence charting meteorological information for aircraft, shipping and shore stations in a determined new attempt to make weather forecasts as dependably accurate as the calendar.

Two of the ships will be British, two will be Canadian, six American and one French, while one ship will be jointly provided by Holland and Belgium and another by Norway and Sweden. In all, including Eire, nine nations are pooling funds to make this dream of weather control a reality.

Four other nations are also contributing essential but costly coastal services. Denmark, for instance, is organizing a chain of self-contained sub-zero observation posts along the icy shores of Greenland, while Portugal, Spain and Iceland are all modernizing their weather stations to taut new efficiency.

While world militarists have been wrangling, in fact, world meteorologists have been getting together with tangible effect. By July, when the transocean service will be in full operation, some of the weather ships will be fast becoming as familiar a sight to ocean travellers as the Ambrose Light or the Statue of Liberty.

They will furnish navigational aids and incidental services such as air traffic control facilities, but some of the "floating forecasters" will be well off the beaten track of shipping and air services, including one lonely 10,000-tonner which, though stationed slap in the middle of the Atlantic, expects to see scarcely a ship or plane from one year's end to the next. The weather teams, and the ship's crew of a hundred or so, will work in three-week shifts, and for each ship on station there will be one on reserve, acting as supply ship and carrier.

Altogether over 300 scientists will be actively engaged. Surface meteorological observations will be taken hourly, upper air wind observations will be made every three to six hours and graphs of the upper air pressure, temperature and humidity, will be charted not less than twice daily. Flashing constant radio bulletins, each ship will be completely equipped with the latest detection devices for watching the atmosphere, even to radar for tracing and plotting the course of balloons as they are blown by the wind in the upper air.

Rising to heights of eleven miles, each balloon carries a radio-sonde, a robot instrument which measures air conditions and automatically sends out radio signals of its readings. Micro-wave radar will supplement the radio-sonde by actually watching the progress of storms in action.

Every kind of precipitation, ranging from a blizzard to a drizzle, produces a swirl of bright images on the radar screen, each with a pattern as characteristic and tell-tale as a finger-print. Simple measurement of the patterns enables the size, speed, intensity and direction of the precipitation, whether gale or sea mist, to be determined. Multiply this radar storm watching to the tune of thirteen ships, not counting the shore stations, each gauging storm movements from a different angle, and it's easy to see why weather experts expect the transoceanic weather service to tell John Smith with almost mathematical precision whether he's due for snow or sunshine, wind or rain, halcyon days or a hurricane.

Weather prediction actually reached this razor-edged exactness during the war. The allies maintained a score of ships on Atlantic weather patrols, a factor that considerably implemented the success of R.A.F. bomber attacks and hastened Germany's downfall. When hostilities ended and the "Met Fleet" was

IN the above sketch the artist gives an impression of the work and position of the weather ships in the Atlantic, which will work in conjunction with many up-to-date observation landposts. A trans-atlantic air liner is fixing position by radio signals from two of the ocean station vessels and another of the ships, which is in the centre of a depression travelling at thirty miles per hour, is sending the aircraft an advance weather forecast. Each of the ships will be completely equipped with the latest detection devices for watching the atmosphere, even to radar for tracing and plotting the course of balloons as they are blown by the wind in the upper air, and although some of the weather ships will become as familiar a sight to ocean travellers, as the Statue of Liberty, the "Mother Ship," a 10,000-tonner, stationed slap in the middle of the Atlantic, expects to see scarcely a ship or plane from one year's end to another.

withdrawn on the grounds of expense, weather forecasts went haywire. Meteorologists found themselves back on the old hit-or-miss standard, juggling estimates of cyclones and anti-cyclones against enormous gaps on the Atlantic weather maps. That's why you grumbled when the postwar forecasts, instead of the promised accuracy, made some out-size blunders.

Yet you were probably the least-affected victim. To the airline companies the return to port of the weather ships was a punch to the solar plexus. Hard cash in operating costs, standards of absolute aircraft safety, the success or failure of the Atlantic airlines—all depended on meteorological reports as reliable as stock exchange facts. So the moguls of world civil aviation got together. The agreement for the weather ships was signed last November at the close of the London Conference of the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization. The yearly cost is about £200,000.

But the oceanic weather chain is only one link in the global network of meteorology. Radio-sondes jammed to buoys in the Antarctic ice are sending constant weather signals to Australia, new weather stations have been established between Baffin Land and Alaska during the course of the Canadian Army's "Operation Muskox" and Russia has built up over one hundred Polar observation stations not only along the northern coast of Siberia but also within the fringe of the Arctic pack-ice. Add to this the no less vital contributions on weather data from lonely outposts like Jan Mayen Island or Tristan da Cunha and Ascension Isle, the tremendous new expansion of weather report posts through Africa and Asia in the blue track of the airlines, and duplicate these weather spies through sixty nations. Then you'll realize just why U.N.O., as yet, has nothing on meteorology. (*Continued on page* 51)

Diamond Days

or, *Fifty Years Ago—A Flashback To 1897*

By Ferdinand Tuohy

QUEEN'S weather. Everything was The Queen fifty years ago. Was not the legendary old lady completing her sixty years of reigning and had she not, a living link with the Regency, survived two decades of criticized self-withdrawal, to bow in the end to an adulatory Empire emotionally filled with respect for all she had meant to it?

The Queen, God Bless Her!

London was the centre of the world that summer, if any capital ever was. London splendour. If the keynote was Imperial pomp and circumstance with the Dominions and the Colonies in the forefront of events, and, above all India, that brightest jewel added by Disraeli to the brow of his Faery Queen, if the Diamond Jubilee was the apotheosis of the British Empire, the royalties of Europe and their brilliant suites were not to be gainsaid.

Seventy-year-olds insist that never was there such crowd jubilation, such flag-wagging, such illuminations. All to "Soldiers of the Queen." As much as £450—£2,000 today—was paid for a first-floor opposite Marlborough House, to view the procession. Champagne hampers for four were advertised at £5. As the great day approached, full-page advertisements in *The Times* featured brandy, a table water, salts, and jewellery.

But the most insistent advertisement had been smaller—for The Jubilee Lace Shirt which all fashionable women were expected to wear to the greater joy of Nottingham and Calais.

It was the day of lace, of the cape, of waists squeezed in and in, of leg-of-mutton sleeves and mutton-chop whiskers. Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven is my first memory and I can remember both the two last; also Nansen and the Klondike, and the Queen's drive to Kensington, and an uncle giving me six pennies before leaving for the Cape, and that is all I can remember.

The Queen had spent several weeks at Cimiez in order to husband her strength—each week there were pictures of a round, little figure in black driving along Riviera roads beneath a parasol—but it was left to a frock-coated Prince of Wales to take much of the burden off his mother's shoulders at subsequent public functions: reviews and garden parties, exhibitions and banquets.

Victorian Era Exhibitions were at Earl's Court and the Crystal Palace, while the Royal Academy Banquet filled seven columns of *The Times*, and was graced by Lords Salisbury, Lister, Lansdowne, Goschen and Kelvin—and, of course, by H.R.H. Yet British painting was about at its most banal, while the "silent" Laureate, Alfred Austin, was no better with his muse. It was a walk-over for Kipling with his "Recessional."

The most popular oleograph was "The Secret of Britain's Greatness" which showed the Queen handing the Bible to a kneeling negro.

But "the man of the year" was Ernest Terah Hooley who gave £500,000 to the Jubilee Fund, leaving Tommy Lipton, the Prince's friend, far in the lurch with a mere £25,000 given to H.R.H.'s Jubilee Dinner

(*Continued on page* 56)

Queen Victoria's special Diamond Jubilee portrait

(Below)
The arrival of Queen Victoria at St. Paul's Cathedral on June 22nd, 1897

A BEARER brought tea and placed it before them

The Perfect Present

What Could She Give Wentworth For His Birthday, When, Long Ago, He Had Had Everything That He Wanted

By

Richard Ullmann

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

LADY MILLING rang the bell by her chair, and when, a minute later, a bearer came silently to the door, she ordered him to send for a taxi. The Chrysler was in dock. She got up and walked thoughtfully about the great, marble-floored room, glancing at rows of books, vases of orchids and roses, Chinese platters and bowls, cabinets of curios . . . her gaze swept over them all, at rugs, furniture from Paris and Shanghai, pieces of silver and bronze from New York and Singapore . . . she awaited her taxi, wondering what to buy Wentworth for his birthday. She halted in front of a gilt Venetian mirror and looked at herself: Wentworth's forty-fifth birthday, which meant (and she did not need this reminder), that in just under three months she would be forty.

What *could* she give Wentworth for his birthday, when, long ago, he had had everything that he wanted? With sudden impatience she gave up the quest for inspiration, resolved to search in the shops, hoping to find, by a combination of patience and luck, the perfect present.

When the taxi came, she was ready for it, and then carried by it into the brilliant afternoon, into the stream of traffic in Chowringhee, the Sikh driver drifting tactfully now, waiting to be stopped. And looking out at the crowded pavement and the shops, she did not know where to stop him. At length he turned his fine, bearded face, and asked in Hindustani "Madam will go . . .?" "Stop here," she said, and the taxi curved in, among staff cars, taxis, rickshaws, drew alongside the curb, stopped. "Wait here," she ordered, and alighting, entered the only possible shop: that of Mr. Dass, the carpet dealer. She knew him well; they had done much business with him.

A young assistant came forward, and she asked: "Is Mr. Dass in? I should like to see him."

He disappeared briskly behind rugs from Persia, Kashmir, China, but before his assistant could have reached him, Mr. Dass was already approaching his counter, never out of earshot, perhaps, of the voice of an important customer.

"Good afternoon, m'lady." He stood smiling; frail, wise, indifferent, gold-rimmed spectacles perched on his thin brown nose, old, old hands from out of spotless white linen resting on the counter. "Do be seated, m'lady," he begged in excellent English.

So she sat down, and confessed at once: "Mr. Dass, I've come because I didn't know where to go! My taxi-driver thought I was lost, which was true, but I couldn't admit it to him. It's Sir Wentworth's birthday tomorrow and I'm trying to find him a present—but rugs? As *you* know the house is full of them!"

"Can a house ever be so full of beautiful things that there is no room for more?" He smiled, spoke with an inner assurance which seemed to carry with it no conscious effort to persuade. He addressed a remark in a rapid undertone in Bengali to his assistant, and went on: "I have just got a new consignment through from Tehran, including some fine old specimens—worthy of your collection." The assistant was searching, sorting. "These days it is difficult, very difficult," said Mr. Dass. "Supplies come through so irregularly. Often I have nothing fine to offer. From China now—nothing."

"Indeed? Yes, I can well believe it." And she allowed herself to be shown rugs which, this afternoon, held no interest for her at all. "China—terrible. A long-protracted agony."

He glanced at her when she said that, with Asiatic eyes that held no pity, no astonishment. Then back to his merchandise. "This is very remarkable colouring, I have never seen better. . . ."

She looked at his rugs, commenting politely now and then, remembering other occasions similar to this. She had lived in India for nearly eighteen years, and it must be nearly eighteen years ago that she and Wentworth had first come to Mr. Dass. What an enthusiastic shopper she had been in those days! How exciting it had been to choose things for the house! How thrilling the whole business of making a home with Wentworth!

"No, really," she apologized, "I don't think today any of these will quite do. I was thinking of something for his study, but I know how much he loves that old Bokhara rug we got—do you remember?—about five years ago. It came from you."

"Oh yes, I remember," said Mr. Dass; "my really fine specimens I never forget. I think," he said quaintly, "of what you may give Sir Wentworth for an anniversary present. Some jewellery, perhaps?"

"Jewellery?" She echoed in astonishment. "But what jewellery?" It was not yet Wentworth's custom, she reflected, to wear a turban with a ruby in it, as some of his friends did.

"Oh," said Mr. Dass, with a little twist of the hand (and already he had signalled to his assistant to start, with discreet leisureliness, putting rugs away), "a cigarette-case, a gold cigarette-

lighter, a cigar-holder . . . something—nice."

"Well," she admitted, "it's a line of thought. You have a stock of such things?"

"I? Oh, no!" He sounded slightly offended, as though she had suggested to an artist that he might not be wholly true to his art. "But there are the usual firms, you know. Some still have good stocks, I believe."

"Peels are my people," she said; "I shall go to Peels."

"And you couldn't do better," he conceded. He accepted her farewell with a courteous little bow. "Good afternoon, m'lady. It is always a pleasure to see you."

She told her Sikh where to go, sat back disconsolately. How sweet, how polite, and how injured Wentworth would be if she did not give him a present; how completely bored with it if she did!

The red-fezzed policeman held them on the corner, then round they swept to the shop where Wentworth had bought jewels for her: Peels: she walked slowly in, considering possibilities.

Already the elderly manager was there to greet her. The little man had not changed: yellow, and white-haired, dried-up, oddly old-fashioned; an Englishman from Edwardian days; a shopkeeper from St. James's in the days of silk hats and frock-coats. "And what can I have the pleasure of doing for you, Madam?" How out of place he was, how completely he belonged to a passing age, if not to a past one!

While he showed her his cigarette-lighters, cigarette-cases, all that Mr. Dass had suggested, and more: Wentworth forty-five, she thought, and I nearly forty: how successful he had been, just as I knew he would be, and how boring, *boring* success is! Michael sixteen and at Harrow, Pat thirteen and at Darjeeling, and here am I disgruntled because I fancy I see things in the glass: wrinkles; *more* grey hairs. As if even success could prevent one becoming old and haggard and bored; and obsessed (secretly, and only today, on the eve of Wentworth's birthday) that life is giving one the slip!

"We simply haven't the selection we used to have, madam," said the manager, "times are difficult, very difficult. One wonders where it will all end. But still, I suppose we are luckier here than in some parts of the world; in England, for instance. . . ."

"We haven't felt the war at all, in the way they have at home," said Lady Milling. "We mustn't complain." She was severe.

"Oh, no," he agreed, "of course not. Of *course* not. And yet—in this country the future is so uncertain—so very uncertain. Sometimes one wonders . . . I've been out here forty-two years, and I notice the change even in the firm's staff. All Indians, of course," he said in a lowered voice, finding in her, she suddenly realized, a confessor, "talented people, and one becomes *very* attached to them. Nevertheless, one wonders. . . ."

"Oh, India, *India*. . . . Everything will sort itself out," she said shortly. "We all feel it will. I'm sure it will."

Cynical, tired, and old, he looked at her. "I hope you are right, I very much hope so. Not only for our sake, but I mean also for . . . one becomes very

HE was a tall Bengali, dressed in the European fashion, and she was struck by his good looks. For a moment he looked at her in silence, then smiled very slightly

fond of the country. Indeed, I can hardly imagine living anywhere else now."

"I know," she said sympathetically, "roots down through the years! And in the sunshine and warmth and colour, the roots go deep."

And the parties and luxurious homes; the servants and cars and yachts; the respect, and even the adoration, of people long inured to service and the worship of gods and goddesses; in their mass a simple and submissive people: what about these? She wondered with unusual bitterness.

The manager sighed, returned to his velvet-lined tray. "Had you considered, for example, a gold propelling-pencil? Now this one is American, the last we've got."

Oh, he belonged to another age—but then, perhaps, so did she, and Wentworth. Forty was the ugliest word in the English language.

It was no use, she was unable to find what she wanted; only the obvious, the patently unsuitable. Pencils, cigarette-cases, lighters: none of them was just right: and this respectable, elderly little man had disturbed her yet more deeply, aggravated that sense of uncertainty which had prevailed all the afternoon. She had come for comfort, and instead of receiving it, had been expected to give it.

So she thanked him for the trouble he had taken, apologized for having used his time, and returned to the sunshine and the handsome Sikh. Where now? Without an idea in her head, she ordered him back to Chowringhee.

There she decided to walk; she believed that she was trying to settle this difficult business too quickly.

As she went along the busy street, she turned over further possibilities in her mind: a piece of china—but they had so much china—books: not substantial enough: no, the process must be one of looking rather than thinking.

It was at that moment that she found herself confronted by a friendly and familiar face, and immediately she was relieved.

"Hullo, Susan! Why so worried?"

"Grace, my dear!" Lady Milling exclaimed to her friend. "And so would you be! Oh, do help me! I very badly need help! I'm trying to find a birthday present for Wentworth."

"But that should be easy!" Grace Travers said. "Dear Wentworth is so easy to please!" Lady Milling wondered for a split second about that, but she was interrupted, for Mrs. Travers went on: "Come back with me for tea, and we'll talk it over."

"But have I time? The shops close so ridiculously early these days. . . ."

"Oh, yes, you've time," and she called a taxi. "Anyway, the bazaar for birthday presents."

FIVE minutes later they were in the Travers's flat, high above Park Street, and Mrs. Travers leading her friend on to a veranda overlooking green gardens and a jumble of cream-coloured buildings. Kites circled in the blue sky; there was the murmur of traffic, hidden but close at hand; from further away the clanging of tram bells. Lady Milling sat down in a comfortable basket chair, and took a cigarette from the silver box on the table before her. "What a haven of peace," she said, "in a tumultuous world!"

For a few minutes they talked of each other's families, of friends, of events since their last meeting. Bare-footed, white clad, scarlet-sashed, a bearer brought tea and placed it before them; marble floor reflected furniture; electric fans revolved silently above them and stirred the small leaves of flowers in a vase; once, and Lady Milling watched it, a soft, startled lizard sped up, and then down, the wall, not knowing where to go. . . . The afternoon moved by.

"Really, Grace, you *must* concentrate with me on this urgent problem: what do I give Wentworth?" And as she asked the question, that haunting anxiety returned; and she wondered, in a flash of illumination, whether it was only a present she sought, or more: a reassurance about herself: was she only a rather useless woman stepping delicately and resentfully into middle-age?

Mrs. Travers was making suggestions, but none of them startling, or even original.

"Tell me, Grace," said Lady Milling, "do you ever have the feeling that everything worth doing is already done, and that repetition is not only boring but—silly?"

"My *dear*," Mrs. Travers exclaimed, "*what* a sentiment for Wentworth's birthday! Dear Wentworth—you surely don't feel that the yearly repetition of this happy occasion is not only boring but silly? Or do you?" she asked suddenly, with less banter in her tone, and real curiosity.

"No, of course not," Lady Milling said rather sharply. "I meant only the everyday, the little things, of one's normal life." Needing a compassionate word more than she realized, she added: "I'm reminded by to-day, Grace, that I step into the dull, grey years of middle-age!"

All she got was: "You're what they call well-preserved, Susan. Of course," said Mrs. Travers, looking out into the blue and gold (*Continued on page* 67)

To Kew

In Lilac Time . . .

By Wilma Buckley

"Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
"Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!) . . ."
Alfred Noyes.

NOT only lilac—white, pink, and purple — but hawthorn and "golden rain" and waxy-white mock orange and cherry blossom; a galaxy of flowering shrubs above, of Maytime blooms in the beds beneath.

Here, in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, lies the garden-loving Londoner's earthly paradise, where all the pleasures of flower cultivation can be enjoyed without any of the responsibilities. Even in conflict-shadowed 1942—the war well in its stride and leisured moments difficult to come by—over a million and a quarter visitors found the time to go to the Gardens for a few snatched hours of peace and beauty.

Something more than a show place, since the Botanic Gardens include a world-famous research institute, Kew made its own individual contribution to wartime activities. Here were grown belladonna, colchicum, digitalis, and other herbs from which important and much-needed drugs were obtained; here, rose-hip syrup was produced, experiments made with new rubber-bearing plants, and paper-making fibre and artificial silk ingredients extracted from common stinging nettles. There were, of course, many other remarkable achievements on these lines, not yet made known to the public.

The estate of old Kew House was acquired by George III, who made its improvement and alteration a hobby. The original house was demolished in 1802, and a new palace, designed by James Wyatt begun; but the king's death interrupted the completion of this project and, in 1827, the building was pulled down in its turn. What is now known as Kew Palace is the red brick, Jacobean Dutch House near by, bought in 1781 by George III as a nursery for the royal children. George and Charlotte, in fact, had established their family all around this district in a kind of hyper-exclusive colony (there being no housing shortage in those days).

It is to George III, whose memory must always linger here, that we owe a considerable amount of the cultivation and plantation and development of Kew Gardens (once known as Richmond Gardens). Fuchsias and hydrangeas were introduced here for the first time in his reign, and botanical specimens of varied kinds sent for from all over the world and acclimatized at Kew.

Fine as the Gardens are in themselves, they have the added charm of historical association, and are mentioned in many memoirs of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Thus, in the journal of Sophie von la Roche, a distinguished German visitor to England in 1786, we find a description of Kew which might be applicable to the Gardens as they are to-day. We read of flowers and shrubs from the South Seas, from America, from countries in Europe, growing in hot-houses; aquatic plants in large lead tanks; an ornamental lake; the circular temple of Aeolus; a hillock covered with rare and fragrant blossoms; a "Chinese tower." This "tower" is the still-standing Chinese pagoda, erected in 1762 in the fashion of those days; it is 163 feet in height and has ten storeys. And, going still further back in time, we find that Lord Capel, an earlier owner of the Kew House estate, had established a flourishing exotic garden on this identical spot, in the seventeenth century.

The Chinese Tower at Kew. This pagoda was erected in 1762. It is 163 feet in height and has ten storeys

Gardens and pleasure grounds or arboretum extend to over 200 acres . . . here are to be found magnificent conservatories, a herbarium, botanical museums and a library, a tropical house, rock gardens, woods and groves and shrubberies and formal *parterres*. It was in 1841 that the Gardens were opened daily to the public. Easily reached from central London, price of admission is one penny!

Gloriana's Indian Summer

The Love Story of 53-Year-Old Elizabeth and 19-Year-Old Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

Illustrations by Jack Matthew.

IT was Indian Summer for Elizabeth when young Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, came to Court in 1587. She was fifty-three, eager for adoration, with a heart emotionally unfulfilled; he nineteen, tall, frank, boyish, handsome, auburn-haired, both scholar and soldier, who had bagged a Cambridge M.A. degree at fourteen and fought bravely at Zutphen, in the Netherlands, at eighteen. They were distant kinsfolk. His father, on his deathbed, had commended to her protection "him upon whom the continuation of his house dependeth."

Might she not—in hard-earned respite from pressing affairs of State—give him love as well as protection? They talked and laughed together, listened to the music of viols, rode throughout London's countryside. He was always with her. In the evenings, says a contemporary chronicler, she kept him "playing at cards, or one game or another, with her, that he cometh not to his own lodging till birds sing in the morning."

A royal idyll? Gloriana and her romantic young courtier? Golden hours snatched from majesty's graver cares? Yes . . . But could it last long? Essex, wrote the Earl of Clarendon, was hardly "built or furnished" for a courtier; he strove rather to master than win Elizabeth; he was restless, ambitious of military glory, jealous of "that knave Raleigh."

Her defence of Raleigh was the canker in their first quarrel; that, and her snubbing

They talked and laughed together

The fifty West Indies ships were fired, the port was captured, Essex leading the shore assault with a reckless courage

of his sister, Lady Dorothy Perrott, whose clandestine marriage had banned her from Court. Better a noble death, he vowed, than a disquiet life—and rode off to join the Dutch campaign. Elizabeth sent Robert Carey post-haste to intercept him and bring him back before he could board ship. The reconciliation made him Knight of the Garter, Master of Horse. There were rewards for handsome young knights in queenly favour . . .

But it was only a truce. Soon young Essex was hot on another expedition, this time to Portugal, against her express orders. Again she was furious. Again she sent messengers to pursue him, even into the Channel, telling Drake: "We straightway charge you that you do forthwith cause him to be sent hither in safe manner. Which, if you do not, you shall look to answer for the same to your smart; for these be no childish actions." Was it the Queen who wrote in such anger—or the piqued woman, wounded in her pride and heart by this wilful disobedience?

When he had been restored to favour there were quarrels over his debts, over Court appointments; above all, over his secret marriage, at twenty-three, to Sir Philip Sidney's widow, the daughter of Walsingham. What a blow that was for Gloriana! But she emerged from the shock determined that it should make no difference to their romantic friendship. Essex still partnered her at the Whitehall dancings and revels, amid scenes of jewelled splendour. Then the sun shone again on her Indian Summer.

The soldier, the adventurer in him was the constant blight on her happiness. What the Queen should have praised the woman deplored, because it meant separation and risk of loss. "I know," he complained, "I shall never do her service but against her will," and this was true of the projected raid on Cadiz to singe the Spaniard's beard by seizing his treasure-ships.

Essex was impatient for the expedition, Elizabeth enraged against it, only consenting against her will. In June 1596 the English force sailed in, with Essex flinging his hat into the harbour and shouting, "*Entramos! Entramos!*" The fifty West Indies ships were fired, the port was captured, Essex leading the shore assault with a reckless courage which prompted Lord Admiral Howard to say of him, "There is not a braver man in the world . . . a great soldier, for what he doth is in great order and discipline performed." He was chivalrous, too, by the standards of the time, sparing the churches and priests, providing safe escort for the nuns, and thereby earning the gratitude of the enemy.

But could he expect gratitude at home? From the people, perhaps . . . But from his imperious Gloriana? He was full of misgivings on the voyage back. He even wrote a melancholy poem wishing himself in "some unhaunted desert" remote from all society, content with the simple life. . . . There were wranglings over the miserable seamen's wages, the prize-money rake-off, the whereabouts of some of the pillaged treasure; the Queen was jealous of the Earl's popularity. "Vanity of vanities, all is but vanity" summed up his disillusionment.

Things came to such a pass between him and his Gloriana that he sulked in his Wanstead home and from there wrote her piteous letters about her unkindness, never forgetting to praise her beauty—with which he was "conquered"—and ending: "I humbly kiss your fair hands."

What woman—though her beauty was now become a mask under a red wig—could fail to be touched by such protestations? She relented towards her

Essex was enraged. He gripped his sword with a violent oath, shouting at her, "This is an outrage I will not put up with!"

wilful courtier, made him Earl Marshal of England. But now her Indian Summer was waning; she might forgive and hope, but could she *trust*?

One chilling cloud in her heart's sky was a suspected love-affair between Essex and a Court beauty, Lady Mary Howard. Elizabeth was so incensed that she had her rival's loveliest velvet dress taken from her wardrobe, donned it, and strutted mockingly before her and the other Maids of Honour, demanding, "How like you my new-fancied suit?", though it was ludicrously short for her. Could jealousy more bemean a Queen to the level of the most trivial, spiteful commoner? Handsome Essex had always been playfully gallant with her Court ladies, but this, *this* was intolerable.

The bitterness had barely subsided when there was another clash over the appointment of a Lord Deputy to Ireland. Elizabeth favoured Sir William Knollys; Essex, for personal reasons, Sir George Carew. They argued the matter while Lord Admiral the Earl of Nottingham, Essex's rival, Robert Cecil, and the Clerk of the Signet, Windebank, stood anxiously by.

With Essex persisting, she angrily opposing, the argument became a brawl. When the Queen finally said, "Knollys!" Essex contemptuously turned his back on her. "Go to the devil!" she flamed—and boxed his ears. Enraged, he gripped his sword with a violent oath, shouting at her: "This is an outrage I will not put up with! I would not have borne it from your father's hands!". Nottingham intervened to restrain him. Flashing an angry glance at the now-silent Queen, he strode from the Council Chamber, fled the Court, and hastened home.

No less dramatic than his departure then was his return, later, from the Irish campaign against Tyrone. The Queen had been displeased with his conduct of it as Lord Deputy. He had written her protesting letters as "your Majesty's exiled servant," made a half-hearted truce with Tyrone, and hurried back to London in rebellious mood. He would show his Gloriana who was master of England's destinies—he or she. He had even talked of open revolt.

Covered with mud, jaded from the long journey, booted and spurred, he strode through the Privy Chamber and burst into the Queen's bedroom, where she sat in a dressing-gown, unpainted and with no wig to hide her thin, grey hair, among her ladies. Pleased at his return, then alarmed at his manner, she bade him go and change.

He eventually became so unbalanced—especially after the Queen had virtually imprisoned him and deprived him of his "sweet wines" monopoly—that he led a futile march of rebels into the city. His fate was sealed from the moment the Queen heard that he had said of her: "Her conditions are as crooked as her carcass." Clarendon says that if she grew less merciful towards him it was "when she believed he grew too familiar and in love with his passions, and had in mind not to be satisfied but upon his conditions, and too insensible of his own errors."

Where now that halcyon summer of long ago when she rode, laughed, played games with the radiant Adonis "till birds sing in the morning"? Essex was thirty-four, Elizabeth—gaunt, wild, embittered—sixty-seven. It was winter—bleak winter—for Gloriana after that fair head fell bloodily from the Tower block on a grey February day in 1601.

[THE END].

Olivia de Havilland, awarded an Oscar for her performance in *To Each His Own*: Harold Russell, for his performance in *The Best Years Of Our Lives*: Cathy O'Donnell, who received the Oscar for Fredric March, for his performance in *The Best Years Of Our Lives*, and Anne Baxter, photographed at the Shrine Auditorium, Hollywood, after the presentation of the awards

Life In Hollywood To-day

The film city carries on "like crazy," full of new crazes, overloaded with money and longing to spend it somehow—anyhow

By Margaret Chute

AFTER twenty years of friendship with Hollywood, that exhibitionist city seems to me crazier than ever. It was always a show-off place. To be rated as star material a player had to wear, or do, or eat something that would make the neighbours stop and stare and talk. To be a good actor or actress was not enough, so Hollywood believed. Out came the tricks, therefore; and to-day they are literally bustin' out all over, and having a terrific time doing it.

One of the strangest crazes is the idea of sticking a label, or tag, between a star's first and last name. Probably Marlene Dietrich was the first to be hit in this way; she was known as Marlene-the-legs-Dietrich long before the long line of future tag-bearers had started this new game. To-day, there is a whole string of them. You don't speak of Frank Sinatra. You call him "The Voice;" or you talk wildly about Frank-the-Voice-Sinatra. Then there is that player with thirty years experience behind him on stage, screen, and in vaudeville; none other than Jimmy-the-Schnozzle-Durante.

There is a new power in Hollywood to-day. He is known as The Business Manager. Not to be confused with an Agent, by any means. A Business Manager takes just 3½ per cent of his clients' weekly pay-cheques; an Agent takes 10 per cent. But it is the noble band of Business Managers who are injecting new ideas and new blood into the film city to-day. When a player acquires a Business Manager he puts himself body and soul, more or less, into the hands of that individual.

The Business Manager operates as follows, generally speaking. He pays all the bills run up by his stars. He tells them they

(*Continued on page* 61)

Jane Russell as Joan Kenwood in *Young Widow*. She plays the part of a debonair and attractive young newspaper woman who has lost her husband in the war in Britain

Frank—the Voice—Sinatra wants to know what Jimmy — the Schnozzle — Durante is cooking. From *It Happened In Brooklyn*

Alhene Roberts, Julie London and Lon McCallister in *The Red House*, which will be seen in London this spring

Joanne Dru who plays Rosemary in *Abie's Irish Rose*. A Bing Crosby Producers' production

MRS. HILL could hardly have foreseen, when she christened her daughter "Amber," in 1920, that it was going to become a name quite so significant. *Forever Amber* was not merely unwritten, but for all the present scribe knows, the author may not yet even have been born! It certainly adds to the difficulties of choosing names for helpless infants, if one is going to be obliged to say to one's husband: "You never know, darling. Pamela, or Ann, or Carolyn," whichever of the three popular names of the day are under discussion, "may be used for the name of a rather doubtful character in a book some day."

At all events, Amber Hill had now reached the stage where, whenever she met a new acquaintance she merely said, if he looked that sort: "Yes, forever Amber, ha-ha-ha," and left it at that. It saved time and trouble.

Mrs. Hill had also endowed her daughter with that colour of hair which is not red, and not gold, but a lovely mixture of the two. In short—amber. Much has been said and written about dark beauty, and many of the world's charmers have been dark, no doubt; Cleopatra, to name only one, but the fact remains that Miss Anita Loos uttered a mouthful when she told the world, straight, that, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." We have all met women, once dark, who have transformed themselves into fair. Has any reader actually met *one* fair woman who wanted to be dark? Amber's eyes were blue, and her lashes

She Lit The Amber Candles

For Herself She Had Nothing To Wish For, So She Wished For Somebody Else

By Mary Just

were long and black. Well, long, anyway. She did the blacking herself, but they looked very lovely. Added to all this, she was slight and beautifully made, and just twenty-six, an age at which, as a witty writer has put it, one is old enough to know better, but not yet old enough to do it!

Wars make havoc in various ways, and not the least is the havoc they make in the lives of the young women of a nation. Amber emerged from the second World War, experienced, coldly collected, rather cynical as regards the opposite sex, and more beautiful than ever, because she had learned just what suited her and what didn't. On top of all this, her name was Amber, and so, as the French say: "What would you?"

SHE was an orphan now, and working as secretary to a busy London physician. She lived in a tiny flat of her own, paid her way, and continued to wreak havoc in male hearts. Of course she had had many and various love affairs, but she was very choosey. It sounds absurd to say it, but she wanted to marry for love, and as many another has discovered before her, the ones you really want most are never the ones that really want you.

"You know, my dear," said her employer one evening, as she had just slapped down the telephone on the last and latest, who had just asked her out to dinner and to dance, "if you don't take care, you *are* going to be forever Amber."

Amber gave him the smile she only gave to tried and true friends. Dr. James had been married for about ten years, and had never made the smallest or remotest pass at his secretary, if we may except a certain long considering look, given when she didn't see him doing it. He had managed, in some uncanny way, to penetrate that armour of defence that life had locked around her, and to discover a warm-hearted, rather romantic girl beneath it. His wife also liked her. When Amber felt, as she did sometimes, that all the world consisted of advancing men with dubious intentions, and jealous cat-women, she reminded herself of Gordon and Nell James.

"Well, as far as that one goes, I *am*," she said now. "And

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

he knows quite well that he shouldn't ring me up here. This is your phone, not mine."

"If you knew how relieved I am that that call wasn't for me," said the tired doctor, "you'd forgive him. You might even dine with him."

"I'd do a lot for you," said Amber, with that smile that few people ever saw, "but not that. Good night, Dr. James."

Dr. James smiled good night at her, and went into the drawing-room, where his wife was sitting doing some perfectly hideous wool embroidery which was to cover a footstool. She was a nice little doll-like creature, who adored him. She made up in kindliness for what she decidedly lacked in brains.

"Hullo," he said. "Those are pretty."

He was looking at a pair of tall glowing yellow candles, that stood in twirly oaken candlesticks, older than either of the two people in the room, older even than Harley Street itself.

"Yes, aren't they? I found them in Harridge's to-day, and I couldn't resist them. I got two pairs. I'm going to give the other pair to Amber, I think. After all, they're called 'amber-coloured.' They'd look nice in her little room. I'm dying to light them."

"What's stopping you?" asked her husband, with that indulgent smile which we give to a child's prattle.

"Well, they always say when you light a new pair of candles you must wish, and I don't want to waste them, when I've nothing to wish for. That's your doing. You're so good to me, dearest." She laid her fluffy rather dowdy little brown head on his arm.

Gordon James patted the head kindly. Then he stroked it, as though he felt he had not quite done all he should.

"It's very sweet of you to say that, Nell. I sometimes think that being so busy, and not seeing you much during the day, you may feel a bit lonely."

"Oh *no*," said Nell. "I've got my house to look after, and all that. That's a thing so few people understand, that if you're happily married, I mean, if you can trust your husband the way I trust you, well, you're not lonely. Oh, I know what I'll wish. I'm going to wish for Amber to find a really nice husband. It's time she did."

"I quite agree," said Gordon. "I told her this evening that if she didn't look out she'd be forever Amber."

"Forever Amber? Oh Gordon, how *clever* of you?"

That was the sort of thing she'd say. You couldn't do anything but smile at her. It would be like snubbing a child to tell her she was a little bone-head.

AMBER laughed, quite naturally, even cheerfully. "I was only going to ask if you believed in that candle-nonsense" she she said gaily

Gordon James walked up to the mantelpiece, and took out his lighter. He was a good-looking man of about thirty-five, dark, with very attractive deep-set grey eyes. There was rather a peculiar look in those eyes now, as he stood there.

"Go on," said Nell, "light them, and we'll wish."

He still stood there, uncertain, his mouth rather hard. "What is it, ducky?" she asked.

He sometimes wished that she wouldn't call him "ducky." But there, what did it matter? What, really, did anything matter, compared with the work in which his whole life was enwrapped, which absorbed all his days and many of his nights? As he stood there, deep in thought, she repeated her question.

"Oh, I don't know." He laughed and shook his broad shoulders. "Just a goose running over my grave." He laughed again. "I wondered if it were wise to play about with such matters. Candles are such old, old things. There are so many superstitions about them. Who can say how far back they go, or whether some magic doesn't cling to them still?"

"Don't be silly, darling. They're brand-new. I only bought them at Harridge's to-day."

She laughed her light, babyish laugh.

"I didn't mean . . ." began Gordon. Then he stopped and smiled at her. He'd been married to her for ten years. Why waste breath?

He snapped his lighter, and held it to the right-hand candle. A frail lovely flame, like a butterfly's wing in sunlight, came quivering to birth. "Go ahead," he said.

"I wish," said Nell firmly, "that Amber may find a good husband."

He lit the left-hand candle, and replaced the lighter in his pocket.

"Oh, Gordon. You ought to have said it, too."

"Ought I?"

He stood there, looking curiously at the candle-flames. They glowed in his own eyes and made them oddly bright.

"Well," he said finally, "it's too late now." Then he laughed.

"Maybe she'll only get half of it. Maybe she'll find a good husband, but he'll be someone else's."

"*Silly* boy," said Nell, disposing of that matter once and for all.

She gave Amber the amber-coloured candles next day, and told her about the wish. Amber stood quite still and silent, for a minute, looking at her, very much in the way that Dr. James had stood looking down at her the night before.

"You wished that for me?" she said at last.

"Yes, I did. After all, I haven't any wishes of my own."

"Have you really everything you want in the world, Mrs. James?"

"Well," said Nell, dropping her voice, "I did use to wish we had children. But after the war came, you know, I sometimes thought . . . well . . . it seems as if there weren't much use in having them, just to grow up and fight in wars. And after all, when you've got Gordon, you don't want anything else."

"No," said Amber, in her soft deep voice, "I suppose you don't."

"He was rather absurd about it. He said it wasn't wise to play around with these old superstitions. In fact he said the most ridiculous thing . . . that you might find a good husband, but he might be somebody else's."

"He said that?"

"Why do you look serious, Amber dear? It's all a joke."

"Yes, of course. It's all a joke," said Amber. "Thank you so much for these lovely candles, Mrs. James dear. I'll keep them until I really want something desperately badly, and then light them and wish, too."

She went back to her work, until it was time to leave for the night.

"It's raining cats and dogs," said Gordon James. "I'll run you home. I've got to look in on that case at the Clinic, anyway."

"That's sweet of you. Thank you so much."

Amber always took favours and kindnesses very simply. She was so used to them.

They drove up Harley Street, and stopped at the door of the house in the old-fashioned road that shrugged its way round Regent's Park.

"Dr. James," said Amber suddenly.

"What?"

His voice sounded oddly apprehensive, as though he had been caught stealing the jam.

"You sound very startled," said Amber laughing. "Did you think I was going to ask for a rise of pay, or something?"

"Did I? You jumped in on my thoughts rather suddenly, that's all. Well, here we are." "Thank you for telling me so," said Amber, her soft pretty laugh rippling out like some fairy song. "I wanted to ask you something, though." "Look here. Won't it keep for another time?" asked Gordon with the most unusual abruptness. He jumped out, came round, and opened the car door on her side.

Amber was no fool where men were concerned. She knew just that note in the voice, just that warning light in the eyes. She had trodden that road so often . . . so often. But this was different. *This* was. . . .

She had only to put out her hand, and take. She knew it. He hadn't a chance.

Then she thought of Nell. Silly little fluffy Nell, who had always been kind to her. Bone-headed little Nell, who had everything she wanted in the world.

Amber laughed again, quite naturally, even cheerfully. "I was only going to ask if you believed in that candle-nonsense," she said gaily. "But you're in a hurry. I mustn't keep you. Good night, Dr. James, and thank you for . . . everything."

Before he could reply, she had gone into the house, and shut the door. Still clutching the parcel with the candles in it, she ran up to her own flat, let herself in, and without waiting to switch on light or fire, she threw herself on her bed, and cried as if her heart would break. *As if* her heart would break! Was it not breaking indeed?

Looking back now, it seemed to her that she had always loved Gordon. He was not only brilliant and charming, and kind, and pleasant to work for, but he was also good. Yes, he was good. That word is considered old-fashioned nowadays, but as we have said, beneath her hard-boiled façade, Amber was romantic, and a bit old-fashioned herself. She liked good men, and she didn't often meet them. She knew quite well that Gordon had wanted to kiss her just now, more than anything else in the world. Any other man would have done it. Gordon had just got out of the car and held open the door for her. Then, following her own lead, he had driven away. Each understood the other perfectly.

So there it was. They had, quite suddenly, met disaster and skirted it by an inch, but it couldn't happen twice. It was no good avoiding the issue. If she went on as his secretary, always with him, generally alone with him, the explosion was bound to come, and all his life and Nell's too, would fall to pieces in the ruin. And Nell had wished that Amber might find a good husband! Well, she'd found a good husband. A *really* good husband. He'd gone back to poor stupid little Nell, who had everything in the world she

(*Continued on page* 61)

"*I'M going now, Amber," said Gordon James. "It was just that look in your eyes that I wanted to see." "Come back," said Amber very softly, "come back when you think it right to come. That same look will be in my eyes always, always"*

1. Oak Apple Day procession in the pretty village of Wishford, Wiltshire.
2. Taking the rushes into St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol.
3. The old lock-up capped by a beacon light in the village of Walsingham, Norfolk.
4. Tom Winde, the M.C., starting the Cheese-Rolling race held at Cooper's Hill, Witcombe, Gloucestershire
5. Distributing Bread and Cheese. A Whit-Sunday custom at St. Briavels, Forest of Dean.

Quaint Customs Of Whitsuntide

WHITSUNTIDE customs are a fascinating phase of old English life, dating back as most of them do to the Middle Ages or earlier. Celebrated year after year these old ceremonies are a link with olden days, perhaps seven or eight centuries past. Rationing may cut down the distribution of food this year but no doubt token gifts will be arranged by lovers of these old customs.

There is one dating from 1206 observed on Whit Sunday at St. Briavels, Forest of Dean. After the evening service in the parish church, small cubes of bread and cheese are flung from the walls to the congregation. The oldest inhabitant and an assistant take their stand on the wall with two large baskets, and so dispense this dole, chiefly to the more youthful villagers. This ceremony preserves the right to cut as much timber (*Continued on page* 58)

THEY were seated on a bench in a distant corner of the park during the evening of the sixth day, still guessing and planning, when Homer Dare found them. His youthful features were contorted with excitement and curiosity. He could hardly speak

The Intrigue At

NOTHING would have happened, probably, if Roger Jackson, the village constable, hadn't come along on his way home to lunch and found them sunning themselves there on the park's most comfortable bench.

Their feud with the constable was bitter and of long standing, and had consisted of a series of minor but decisive victories for the Law.

"He's not going to make *me* move this time," Walter announced with stubborn determination when he saw the constable approaching. "I'm doing nothing wrong."

Two minutes later, as they stamped angrily from the park, he added, "I have a mind to show him he can't treat a substantial citizen this way."

George, watching out of the corner of his eye for another vacant bench, asked, "How?"

"Doing what the chap suggested over at "The Oaks" the other night."

George saw a bench and nudged his companion. They looked up the street, where the constable was just turning in at his home, and then quickly crossed to the bench and sat down.

"What chap?" George asked, making himself comfortable.

"Foreign-looking chap," Walter said. "With a beard."

"What'd he say?"

"He said a man could earn a little money if he wanted to."

George, idly tracing a pattern in the dust with one scuffed toe, was interested.

"How?" he asked.

"Sending in information."

"What about?"

"Military installations, the chap said. Things of that sort."

George squirmed uneasily.

"Wouldn't that be like spying?"

Walter shook his head.

"The chap said it wasn't like spying at all, because it was for the benefit of the working classes and that's what we are."

"Are we?" George asked doubtfully.

"Sure, we are, whether we know it or not. It's very simple, when you hear it explained."

They considered it from every angle, sitting there in luxurious idleness on their park bench, and after careful deliberation they each came separately to similar conclusions, and sat silently shaking their heads.

In their preoccupation they failed to observe the approach of Roger Jackson, returning from lunch. The constable halted before the bench, his fists on his hips. He looked down at them.

"How many times do I have to tell you two to stay out of this park?" he demanded. "Do you want me to put you in jail?"

As usual, he made them move unwillingly on, ignoring their protests that they were substantial citizens and doing nothing wrong.

They walked slowly and resentfully up the street.

"Chap tell you where to send this information?" George asked after a while.

Walter nodded.

"He gave me a post office box number. I have it written down."

They reached the bridge on the outskirts of the village and paused to light their pipes.

"Know of any military installations about here?"

"Not off-hand," Walter said. "Let me think."

They stood thinking. Lower Millham's population had never reached one thousand even during the war boom. Its largest industry was a cheese factory.

"Don't seem to be many, at that," Walter admitted. His forehead was furrowed in thought. "Should be at least *one*, though."

George snapped his fingers. He had it.

"The waterworks! I was up there one day when Joe was telling me that we supply most of the country around here. That would be important, in a war."

Walter hesitated a moment before replying, because he had not thought of it himself. Then he nodded slowly.

"The waterworks would be perfect. Just what they want."

Illustrations by Frank M. Lea

Lower Millham

A Plot Which Went Awry

By Kimball McIlroy

He glanced cautiously across the bridge and back up the street. "Do you suppose we ought to sneak out there and look it over?"

George said, "I know a back way in. Joe showed me once. We can use that."

"We don't want Joe to see us."

"He won't. You just follow me. Anyway, Joe will be having his lunch now."

They made certain that no one was watching them, then crossed the bridge and made their way upstream on the far side, keeping out of sight as much as possible behind trees and the low bushes growing along the shore. It was hard work in the hot sun and, just in sight of the waterworks, they sat down to rest. They grinned at each other, the tense, nervous grins of successful conspirators.

"So far so good," George said. "Not a soul in sight."

"Wouldn't be surprised if nobody much was expecting this sort of thing in Lower Millham," Walter observed.

"So much the better for us," George said.

They rested and then went on, wading across the river opposite the waterworks and dragging their wet, muddy feet up the bank on the far side.

The waterworks, a large, red, brick building in the midst of well-kept lawns, was surrounded by a wire fence. Walter and George peered through the fence and saw no signs of life.

"Coast's clear," George whispered. "This way."

He went around a corner of the fence, keeping low to the ground and moving in bounds from cover to cover, until they came to a small gate. The gate was open.

"This is the back way I told you about. No one ever uses it."

"Then they ought to keep it locked."

George crouched and looked around. After a moment he beckoned to Walter to follow and they darted across the lawn to the shelter of the building itself. Still no one had seen them. Their luck was holding. They winked at each other and George pointed to a door.

The door, like the gate, was unlocked. Going through it, they found themselves in a large, cool, gloomy room which throbbed with the muffled roar of machinery. When they had accustomed their eyes to the gloom, they looked around. The first person they saw was the waterworks' chief and only engineer, seated on a chair with his lunch box on his lap.

Joe, who was a placid-looking man in a clean blue uniform, waved a sandwich in friendly greeting.

"Good morning," he said. "Come to look things over?"

After the first shock at discovery had passed, they glanced foolishly at each other.

"I suppose that's right, Joe," George said. "Walter and I hadn't anything else to do, so we thought we'd drop in and say hello."

Joe waved the sandwich again.

"Sit right down. I'll be with you just as soon as I've finished my lunch."

They sat down. The conversation was strained and spasmodic, though Joe didn't appear to notice. He ate three sandwiches and a thick slice of cake and drank tea from a Thermos flask. When he had finished he carefully re-packed the waste paper and the flask. Then he stood up and stretched.

"Come on, I'll show you around."

They went with him and gazed with an interest they did not feel at the engines and pumps and water-pipes, while Joe explained interminably the purpose and idiosyncrasies of each.

They felt nervous and a little ridiculous and didn't look at each other very often. They cut the inspection as short as they could without being rude and were glad finally to be out of the building and walking up the path which led to the gate : the front gate this time, the one which opened on to Lower Millham's main street.

"Well, we got in," George said.

Walter nodded. "Joe ought to have more sense than to let us look at all those things so that we can write and tell people about them."

"What're we going to tell them?"

They turned and walked back along the road towards the village, thinking about it.

"It's not really a military installation," Walter admitted.

"I don't think they'd pay us very much for telling them about a waterworks."

"Not when they can just walk in and find out for themselves."

When they reached the park they selected a bench in a distant corner. It wasn't a very desirable bench, but it was in a place where the constable would be unlikely to find them.

Walter picked up a twig and began tracing geometrical designs in the dust.

"Perhaps we could just add some things when we're telling them about it," he suggested, apparently intent upon the figures he was making with the twig.

"Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know. Making it sound more like a military installation. Saying there were guns and bombs and even mines hidden."

"It would make better reading," George agreed. "They'd pay us more for information like that."

"Think we should go down to the library now and write them a letter?"

George nodded.

"Might as well," he said.

George wrote, because his handwriting was more nearly decipherable. Walter sat at the library desk beside him, twisting his mouth painfully as he helped his friend to spell out the more difficult words. It took them a long time, but they were pleased with the letter when they had finished. It made good reading. The innocent-looking waterworks concealed not only guns and bombs and mines, but secret weapons of a type they could only hint at, not knowing much about such things. The letter concluded with the address to which the money could be sent.

"That ought to do it," George said confidently, sitting back and sealing the envelope.

"They ought to pay a lot for what we say there."

"How long do you think it ought to take? Two days? Three?"

Walter wasn't certain. "Might be a week, even," he prophesied.

SOMETHING metallic gleamed in Karl's hand. "You will go," he commanded, "now." Walter said quaveringly, "I'm going," and fumbled with the door handle. He found it and almost fell headlong into the ditch

They mailed the letter and then walked up past the park. They didn't go in and sit on their favourite bench, even though Constable Roger Jackson was nowhere to be seen.

"Wait until we're rich," Walter said. "We'll sit on that bench all day long if we feel like sitting there and they won't dare to put us off."

For the next few days they moved mysteriously about the village on a carpet of air, buoyed up by their secret of impending wealth. Twice a day they called together at the post office and asked for mail, and were not discouraged when the postmaster shook his head. They had known that it might take time. Possibly even a week. The postmaster observed them with growing curiosity as they accepted his negative replies and went whistling out of the post office.

They sat now always on the bench in the distant corner of the park where they could remain unmolested all day, except during their excursions to the post office, speculating on the probable amount they would receive and formulating plans for spending the money.

They were seated there in the late evening of the sixth day, still guessing and planning, when Homer Dare found them. Homer's youthful features were contorted with excitement and curiosity. He could hardly speak.

"I've been looking all over the place for you," he managed to say at last.

"What's the matter, Homer?" George asked politely and then, as a sudden wild hope took him, "There's not a letter for us . . . ?"

Homer shook his head. "There's strangers," he said. "Asking for you. In a big automobile. Men with beards."

"Foreigners?" Walter asked weakly.

Homer said, "Look like."

Walter said, "George, we'd better get away from here. Thanks, Homer."

They got up off the bench and walked rapidly out of the park and down the street.

Homer called, "Don't you want to see them?"

They didn't bother to reply. They hurried along, glancing nervously over their shoulders.

"What do you suppose they want with us, Walter?"

"I don't know. Could be that they found out about us making up some of that we wrote."

George said, "That's probably it, all right," and began to perspire.

They had almost reached the edge of the village and were beginning to feel safe once more when a long black limousine rolled slowly past them and pulled up diagonally across the road. Two men climbed out of it. One of them was the man with the beard whom Walter had seen in "The Oaks." He had a revolver.

They hadn't a chance to escape, even if their suddenly lifeless legs would have carried them. The man with the revolver called them back to the limousine. "We have been looking for you," he said. His voice was low and almost pleasant, with only the faintest trace of an accent.

"W . . . w . . . we know," George said.

"We had almost given up." The man looked closely at Walter. "It is the ones, Serge," he called to the man behind the wheel.

"Good. Have them get in."

The man with the revolver opened the rear door and waved them into the limousine. He shut the door after them and got into the front seat. The car moved slowly up the road.

The driver peered through the windscreen and then remarked to his companion, "It is not yet dark enough, I think, Karl."

"We will wait, then. Just drive on slowly."

The limousine rolled ahead through the deepening dusk, past the waterworks, out into the country where the few farmhouses were half a mile apart.

Walter tried three times before he succeeded in getting it out.

"We can explain everything."

"We don't want the money," George added, desperately, mopping his forehead with a crumpled handkerchief.

Walter went on, "It was just because. . . ."

The man called Karl interrupted him.

(*Continued on page 62*)

Musts in May

May is the month for preparing to cast clouts, for looking forward to summer clothes and summer activities in and out of the home. Make use of the " merry month " for planning your summer campaign. Don't be caught unawares by the first heat wave ; your first invitation to a country week-end ; those early, searching fingers of summer sunshine which make the home look so shabby. Make your own lists of Musts and carry them through.

HAVE summer clothes ready to wear on the first really warm day. Don't be caught unawares, sweltering in winter woollies with a wardrobe full of unwearable summer cottons. Hemlines must be neatened, shabby belts and trimmings replaced and last year's dresses generally made ready to give another season's wear. A pretty, but impracticable, pale-blue suit can be made more serviceable by having it dyed a rosy rust.

WINTER-WEARY upholstered furniture needs a new lease of life. If you can find suitable unrationed material, slip covers are practical and can be made at home if paper patterns are cut and carefully fitted first. If this is quite out of the question, go gay with new cushion covers instead. Remnants are cheap and easy on coupons.

HEAVY winter rugs need some attention. Give them a day's airing in the garden along with extra—and newly washed—blankets, heavy winter coats and the thickest woollens. They can then be packed in airtight wrappings complete with moth deterrents and forgotten about until the next cold spell.

THE clear light of the sun gives unessential ornaments and pieces of bric-à-brac a musty look. Reduce them to a minimum and thoroughly shampoo those that you decide to keep. Clear, unadorned walls and uncluttered shelves make a lovely setting for bowls of summer flowers and indoor plants.

KITCHENS *must* be refurbished and made cool and refreshing to the eye. Wash all painted walls first, and hang fresh—or at least freshly washed—curtains. Plant a row of herbs in pots in a window-box just outside. Think of mint, parsley, sage and chives all growing gloriously within reach of the chopping-board !

FUR coats *must* be put in safe storage for the warmer weather and protected against moths whilst on their vacation. The safest and most practical way is to store them in plastic moth-proof cases, which are now available.

Let's Look

A BLUE-SMOCKED porter trundled my luggage by hand-cart over from the Gare du Nord to my hotel—the taxi situation in Paris after dark is like that. I was hard-pressed to hold the pace, conversationally and otherwise, but the ten minutes of our rapid progress over the cobbles amid the clamour of Paris, familiar and yet strange after long absence, gave me a picture of the city that, as a casual onlooker, one might take a volume to convey.

One has always thought of it as a woman's city ; the world's producing centre of glamour ; of exquisite clothes and of the men and women whose understanding of them is a national genius. That is still true.

Christian Dior, whose clothes were the sensation of the Paris Collections.

As a woman, looking at Paris, seeking for the glamour and that long-past luxury for which we all yearn, one finds it, in a measure, in the shops, which are colourful, irresistible in the variety of their merchandise ; the ribbons, the silks ; the perfumes ; the incomparable accessory jewellery ; in the Parisian woman herself, with her sparkle which defies the reality of present insecurity and past humiliation.

The cost of clothes is astronomical, so the average Parisian woman—very simply attired in all essentials—concentrates her sartorial genius upon hats. And how she wears them ! Paris streets and restaurants bloom like an immense garden with flowers, feathers and gigantic ribbon bows poised upon heads which hold themselves with that charming insouciance of which only the Frenchwoman has absolute command.

Dressmaker jewellery forms, as one might say, the second line of defence. Gigantic rings, wide gilt and silver bracelets, choker pearls, and ear-rings of barbaric proportions—many of them relatively

(On right.) Journalists and fashion buyers in Jacques Costet's Salon at the first presentation of his Spring Collection.

at Paris

Photograph by Derek Adkins

inexpensive—give a touch of extravagance to simple suits and dresses. In the more rarefied atmosphere of the Salons du Couture the impression is one of elegance on a plane that to the mere Englishwoman, conditioned to austerity, involves a transformation hardly distinguishable from magic. It would be foolish to say that all Parisian clothes are good, but from the moment one crosses the threshold of those charming houses which confine the basic activities of the world's great dressmakers, one is conscious of an artistry in dress before which even the least snobbish must bend the knee.

The current sensation of the Parisian dress world is Christian Dior, who has startled even the jaded sensibilities of his Parisian confrères. It is not easy to summarise the appeal of Dior's clothes. Their variety is infinite, but the women from far and wide who literally fight for admittance to the daily showing of his Collection are proof that here is something to reckon with in the post-war world of fashion.

They say that Dior retires at week-ends to his country cottage and, working untiringly in his garden among the flowers he loves to cultivate, seeks his inspiration for clothes to drape the feminine form. Flowers and clothes—sentimental analogy, perhaps, but one which women will reject with only half their hearts.

Au Printemps, one of Paris's largest stores, and to Englishwomen's eyes an Aladdin's Cave of treasure, at a price!

Galeries Lafayette displaying an illuminated announcement of the five-per-cent. price reduction (later increased to ten-per-cent.), which gave a welcome moral lift to the inflation-weary French.

By
Winifred Lewis

Colour Up For Summer

SUMMER sunshine and even summer temperatures call for make-up tones which reflect the new vivacity of your clothes and you. Climatic circumstances apart, a brighter light and the gayer colours which the season's clothes bring forth demand that make-up should toe the line.

The effect of new spring and summer clothes can be made or marred by make-up. For instance, the off-white shade which is so popular in our so-called summer calls for a brighter lipstick than one would wear with black or grey, for instance. Whatever your type a vivid lipstick will make off-white becoming to you.

If you are in doubt about the right make-up colours for your own colouring as well as for the colours which you intend to wear this coming season, consult an expert. In London and the provinces the beauty shops in most of the bigger stores have such experts in attendance. This service is generally free and infinitely worth while.

Matching rouge with lipstick and foundation with powder is all-important. Just as much so as matching all of these things with the colouring of your clothes. In the bright summer months the most flattering foundation colours for most types are the pinkish ones. This applies even more emphatically if you have the type of skin which flushes in the heat. Remember if you use a sunburn tone of powder, to match it with the foundation used and *never* to combine a suntan make-up with rouge and lipstick of a bluish tone. It is a good plan to have a special shade of powder made up to suit one's individual colouring. At least one firm make a speciality of this and the formula is kept by them and filed under the client's name. At one time it was fashionable for cosmetics merely to complement the colouring of hair and eyes. To-day, although this rule is observed up to a point, smart women adapt their make-up in relation to the colouring of their clothes as well.

Some tips about relating make-up colours with clothes colours may be helpful :

Avoid wearing orange tones of rouge and lipstick with red and purple, which, of course, includes all mauve and cyclamen shades. Use rouge and lipstick with a bluish base with all these colours.

With all neutral tones and black, gaiety is the order of the day, particularly with lipstick, but remember that if bright accessories are introduced with a dress or suit of a neutral shade make-up should harmonise with the accessories. For example, pink roses on a black hat call for lipstick which picks up the colour note of the flowers. Purple flowers require a lipstick—and rouge—equally well matched with their colouring—say ruby, petunia or cyclamen.

Generally speaking, blondes are best with rouge and lipstick of Rose Mist, Geranium and English Rose colour. Powder and foundation should be pinkish or light rachel.

Brunettes need peony and clear red rouge and lipstick with a dark peach foundation and powder. Redheads call for coral, burnt-sugar lipstick tones with apricot foundation and powder.

Make-up can make or mar the effect of a carefully planned spring or summer ensemble. Bright sunshine and the gay colours of the new season's clothes call for a make-up that will match not only in vivacity but also in tone.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

WHAT

LET 'S face it, the chief topics of conversation —even taking precedence over food and weather—are end-of-winter ailments. This year they are abnormally prolonged and, to sufferers, they have been more boring than usual.

No longer can it be called cosy to retire to bed with some minor ailment, surrounded by nourishing food and exotic gifts of flowers. However miserable one feels, it seems preferable to be up and doing.

Early spring is the time to start regaining lost ground and building up to the perfect health and vitality on which every woman's physical attractiveness depends.

Again, let 's face it, there is no magic formula for health and vigour ; these are boons which call for perseverance and intelligent planning. So make an effort now to get the body into as

Julie London demonstrates that the best way to restock in vitality and health is to lie, relaxed, in the sun.

AILS YOU?

fine physical condition as possible. Ill-health is infectious. By this I mean that talking and thinking about ill-health becomes, especially at the end of a hard winter, almost a state of mind as catching as any other form of depression.

So snap out of it. The next step is to see a good doctor. Let him decide if those nagging rheumatic pains are seriously in need of treatment; let him say if that extra weight (inexplicable since you do not overeat) is due to glandular trouble or to too many starchy foods.

Once the doctor has checked up and given permission for any necessary treatments you can go ahead with confidence. There are a number of physiotherapy treatment centres throughout the country for massage, remedial exercises, electrical, sun-ray and kindred treatments. Taken on a doctor's advice, many of these are helpful in milder cases of rheumatism, fibrositis and similar complaints.

At one London clinic massage is one of the special features. The all too common and painful fibrositis frequently responds well to deep massage given in conjunction with infra-red rays.

Excessive local flesh—on hips, shoulders and thighs, for example, often aggravates fibrositis by pressing on a nerve, and this has to be worked on before any real relief is given. Toning-up massage is also recommended at this Clinic for tired people or convalescents, and so are wax baths. In this case, paraffin wax is sprayed on to the body and left to set. This is removed and followed by massage.

Colonic irrigations are recommended as a preliminary to most treatments, provided the doctor has agreed. These are effective in ridding the system of the toxic conditions so often responsible for rheumatism and lassitude.

Correct posture does far more to improve health than is commonly realised and is often effective in curing tiredness. The secret of this is that by standing correctly all the internal organs are supported in their proper places. To test your posture, stand firmly on *both* feet (many people, without knowing it, support their weight on one only) in front of a long glass in profile. Let the arms hang loosely, stretch the back of the neck, then lift the diaphragm and press the thighs forward. Notice the improvement in figure line whether you are fat or thin.

Finally, take every advantage of the sun and fresh air which the coming summer offers you. Get into the sunshine every available moment of your leisure. Sun-bathing is good within limits, but just being in the sun, even in your clothes, will increase your immunity to infection and charm away the weariness of winter.

Fresh air and sunshine are a panacea for end-of-winter ills. Spend as much time out of doors even though you cannot get to Palm Beach with Virginia Mathews.

SHINE NO MORE, LADY

GREASY skins are still very much the rule rather than the exception. Here is a simple treatment for the many sufferers.

Such skins need a very deep cleansing with a good soap and tepid water at least once a day. Afterwards cleanse with a good light cream. Finally whip up circulation and stimulate by patting with wads of cotton-wool soaked in a diluted astringent lotion. The occasional use of a stimulating skin food is also good, but this must be removed before going to bed.

Before making-up bathe with a skin tonic and apply a carefully selected non-greasy foundation.

A recent arrival in the beauty market is a petal-finish cake make-up with lasting properties which is ideal for greasy skins.

This preparation is made in four good skin tones and gives a natural finish whilst hiding any blemishes such as little red veins. Applied over cream rouge and followed with powder, the effect is petal-smooth and flawless. There is a tan shade which will be good for summer, and for sports it could well be used without powder.

(Left.) Two rooms specially designed by Jacques Adnot for the Compagnie des Arts Francais. For the bedroom (1) the designer has combined simple, elegant furniture, with an exuberant treatment of the walls and fabrics. For the dining-room (2) a dramatic and colourful treatment of the background is used to soften the basic functionalism of the furniture. Photographs of French interiors by Lacheroy.

(3) A Swedish sideboard relies on classical proportions and the grain of the wood for its simple, but effective, beauty.

(4) The attraction of this Swedish furniture lies in the use of boldly-patterned upholstery which has been carefully designed to stand the test of time. Fur and leather as furnishing materials are novel and pleasing.

(5) Aubusson tapestries, now being produced again in France, are a feature of the post-war French interior design. Tapestries by contemporary artists, executed in the traditional manner, strike a new and vital note. In this room the highly polished surfaces of the furniture reflect the brilliance of the tapestry "La Main Magique" from a design by Lucien Coutaud.

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

WE have heard a good deal of late about a new era of Industrial Design. We are told that equipment and decoration for the home are approaching new standards of elegance and usefulness combined with costs within reach of the average pocket.

The Council of Industrial Design, recently set up under Government sponsorship, has started a drive to induce manufacturers to improve the design of even mass-production products, but the woman in her home asks herself "What does it all mean, what changes can we look for when this movement begins to bear fruit and when increased production opens up a free market again?" In other words, what *will* the English home look like when this much-vaunted new era comes to pass?

This, of course, must be to some extent a matter of speculation, but there are indications. Very little furniture and few decorative accessories are being actually made to-day, but there are prototypes in plenty, and by looking afar at design trends in other countries besides our own, one can construct a fairly clear picture of things to come. With regard to the practical and immediate aspect of design renaissance in this country, there is this to be said: mass production offers one advantage. By its nature it permits manufacturers to employ the best designers whilst still producing the goods at a low cost. This was impossible in the craftsmanship days when few copies of any one product were made.

History itself suggests a design renaissance on its way.

In Victorian days furniture was fussily ornate. This over-exuberance of decorative detail was the outpourings of the machines created by the Industrial Revolution. Then came mass production. The industrial designer appeared—an overworked and underpaid class—producing designs which were hurriedly translated by artisans constructing component pieces with very little notion of what the finished product would look like. Nevertheless, the public went for mass-production goods in a big way. It was something new and novel and cheap.

The pendulum swung inevitably and, just as inevitably, to the extreme. After the first World War came the age of functionalism. A bleak and unpleasing phase as we now see it. The current theory was that houses should be

(6) An English design for a young girl's bedroom. Painted furniture, striped wallpaper and soft drapery combine in a youthful effect.

(7) The classic lines of modern furniture blend well in almost any surroundings. Careful handling of detail has achieved here a harmony between oak beams and a variety of modern woods.

machines to live in. Furniture was rectangular and bare. Very bare.

But the functionalists were mistaken in their claim that every useful machine is a beautiful one. Machinery in any factory is sufficient proof of this. Nevertheless, they cleared away what remained of the extraneous decoration of the Victorian and Edwardian ages, and this was good.

Now, the pendulum is on the swing again. This time, if early indications are reliable, back to centre. The next phase promises to feature functionalism in a happy compromise with beauty.

Streamlining, which has amounted almost to an obsession in the last few years, shows a trend towards sensible modification. After all, though streamlining may be essential for cars and aeroplanes, there is no really forceful argument for applying the same principle *ad nauseam* to boilers, clocks and furniture which are static.

All these indications point to good things in store. A visual picture of the home of the not-so-distant future can be constructed from them. My picture is something like this :

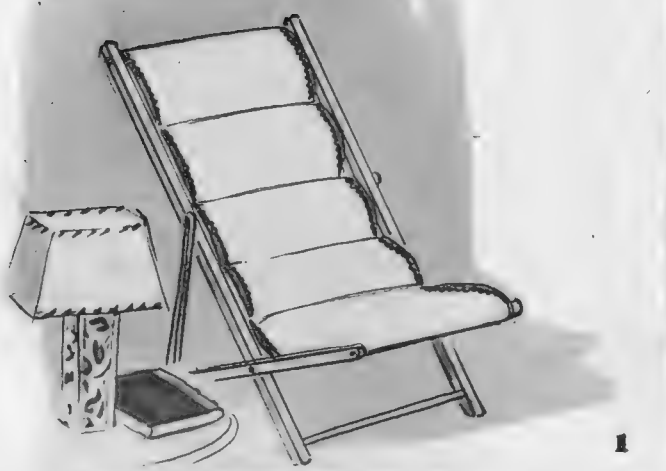
Furniture will be functional in the best sense without the over-emphasis which has made " modern " furniture of recent times so unpleasing to many of us. The pictures on these pages of design trends in France and Scandinavia, as well as in Britain, show a new softness and a sense of beauty and craftsmanship which is as æsthetically pleasing as it is practical.

Even the most practical appliances—saucepans, kettles, vacuum cleaners—will be pleasing to the eye, and why not ? The average woman spends most of her waking life among the utilitarian objects of her home, and the psychological stimulus of an over-all impression of beauty, even in the scullery, is something of which the value is well proved, even though we have had little opportunity to indulge it.

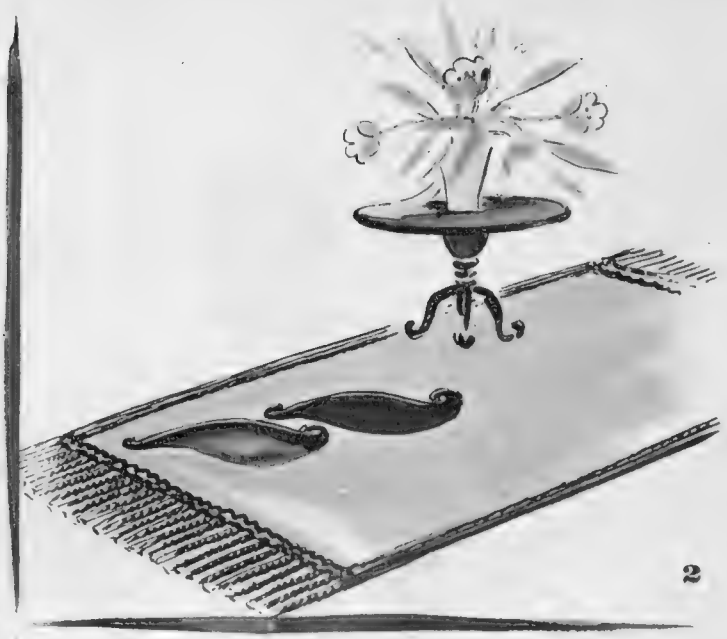
Holiday For Clothes.

Winter woollies, furs and blankets will soon be going into summer retirement. The problem of storing with full confidence that precious fabrics will not suffer depredation from moths during the summer holiday for clothes can be met by a new insecticide now on the market. An entomological report on tests carried out with *Flyolin* shows that larvæ on infected material sprayed with the insecticide were killed within three days. Egg-laying is not prevented and eggs hatch normally, but the newly-hatched larvæ are rapidly killed. Adult moths in contact with sprayed material are killed within four or five days.

Carpets and cupboards sprayed with the new insecticide are successfully immunised, and the solution does not stain.



1



2

3

4

ENTERPRISE UNLIMITED

PATIENCE goes with enterprise to make these practical and decorative things for the home which we have sketched. None of them requires much skill. Each in itself helps to bring colour and interest to furnishing schemes which are, of necessity, very simple.

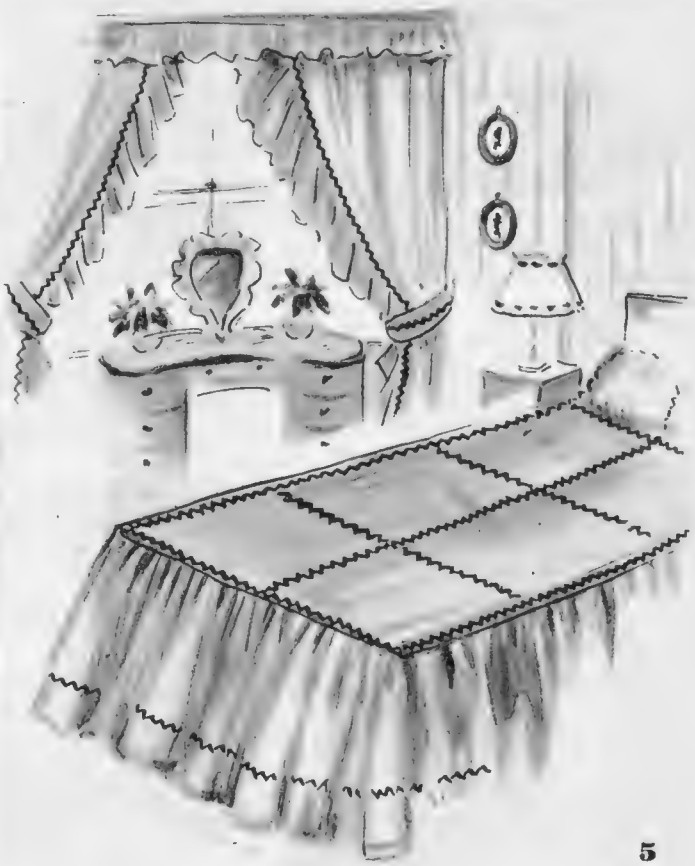
(1.) An ordinary deck chair adapted for use indoors. A remnant of furnishing material or cretonne is used to face and back the original canvas, but before the new covering is applied, wool padding is laid under the top covering and secured through the material with horizontal rows of machine stitching to achieve a quilted effect. Outside edges are bound with coloured braid. The chair frame is painted.

(2.) A rug from two lengths of carpet felt of contrasting colour laid face to face. A simple design is cut out from the top layer of felt, so that the under-colour shows through. The cut edges are neatly saddle-stitched to hold them firm. Outside edges are finished with braid and the ends have a matching fringe.

(3.) Flower pictures, mounted on stiff board with a passe-partout framing make a bright decoration at eye-level behind a built-in kitchen cupboard fitment.

(4.) This useful home-made clothes-basket suggests a simple carpentry experiment for the man of the house. A four-sided framework of wood battens screwed to a flat base with casters, supports a fabric bag made of bleached canvas, adapted sugar bags, or an old cretonne curtain. The bag is supported from the top battens by a thick cord threaded over the frame and through holes punched in the cloth.

(5.) If you are lucky enough to get muslin sheer glamour can invade your bedroom. If not, unrationed scrim makes a suitable substitute. Coloured rick-rack decorates the bedspread top and secures it to the underlining, which can be made in joined squares of any available white material.



5

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

PERHAPS because his novels have at least an autobiographical slant Mr. Henry Williamson needs little "plot" to sustain them. **"The Gold Falcon"** (Faber, 8s. 6d.) is the emotional and spiritual odyssey of a war-haunted air-ace, Manfred, who goes to America to write a book and discovers, among other things, that "Hamlet in New York would not remain Hamlet." There are retrospective cutbacks to his unstable life with wife Ann in Cornwall, a love affair with a young German girl he met there, talks with literary friends; there is the build-up of new romantic contacts in the cosmopolis where everything happens. And what a diagnosis of the U.S. scene he gives us! His style? Nervous, intuitive, instinctive. His virtue? That something fiercely, defiantly, exasperatingly individual which we get from no one else. Wilfully crazy at times, sexually confessional, but always provokingly readable.

IF you deprived Mr. J. Jefferson Farjeon of plot he would die of pernicious anæmia. He has a bold one in **"Back to Victoria"** (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.)—seven people tricked by a crook employer who take jobs as an entire staff in the still Victorian home of an eccentric old titled couple. The drama that develops over a missing pearl necklace and other strange events I leave you to discover. As for the fun, Mr. Farjeon doesn't even stop short of the stage Irishman!

MISS ANNE MEREDITH not only writes with respect for style and tells a good story; one is constantly being caught up by her characters' asides on life and people. For example: "Faces, thought Edward, are like clothes. They go out of fashion, and then they look a little absurd." "A cynic I once knew said the only real romantics are bachelors and spinsters, because they've never had an opportunity of being disillusioned." "... she was one of the old order of women, the slaves of life, who make their lives out of love." **"The Rich Woman"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.) is the story of Elizabeth, brought up in a grim Victorian home for orphans, and the impact of that experience on her future life as protegée of the local squire and wife of a politician. The chapters describing her death are a model of narrative writing.

WE have the Victorian squirearchy in Winifred Peck's **"Through Eastern Windows"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.)—the self-contained village life of manor house, rectory, bountiful legacies and delicate sentiment. Lady Peck portrays a family, dedicated to missionary work by the father, which chooses instead to branch out in different ways and with varying fortune. Readers who love family chronicles, the complex relations of parents and children, will enjoy this one with its sympathetic understanding of both. Here, again, are illuminating asides like: "Women talk whether men listen to them or not, and I have learnt to regard her voice as akin to street traffic, or ... the twittering of sparrows."

MR. PETER CHEYNEY writes with such up-to-the-minute machine-gun (*Continued on page 66*)

"Horry" Walpole

"I am no historian," wrote Horace Walpole. "I write casual memoirs; I draw characters: I preserve anecdotes." His flashes of malice prompted Tory Croker to call him a sportive, cruel tiger-cat; but his memoirs and letters give us a lively picture of the reigns of the second and third Georges.

He was gallant with the ladies, but no tame victim. When that "blind old *debauchée* of wit," Mme du Deffand, began making emotional demands on their friendship he said he was not at all of her opinion that one might as well be dead as not love somebody; rather, one had better be dead than love anybody. Then, in his gouty seventies, he fell helplessly in love with a friend's daughter, Mary Berry, only to learn of her impending marriage to an Irish General ...

Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cramer achieves a broad, scholarly portrait of the Big Whig of Strawberry Hill in a reprint of a 1940 biography, **"Horace Walpole"** (Faber, 21s.), which offers us an absorbing escape into the intrigue, fashions and foibles of the eighteenth century.

Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, in old age
(From the portrait by Geo. Dance, in the National Portrait Gallery.)

Leonide Pigaire, eleven-year-old daughter of a veterinary surgeon, was accidentally put into a hypnotic trance by her father, which lasted over a period of years. Predicted her own death

A poltergeist, through the agency of a thirteen-year-old girl, Adolphine Benoist, upset the tranquillity of the household of miller Dolleans in Gouillonville, France

Scientists in Paris investigating the phenomenon of Angelique Cottin of Bouvigny, who was known as the "electric girl." One of the investigators has apparently received an electric shock

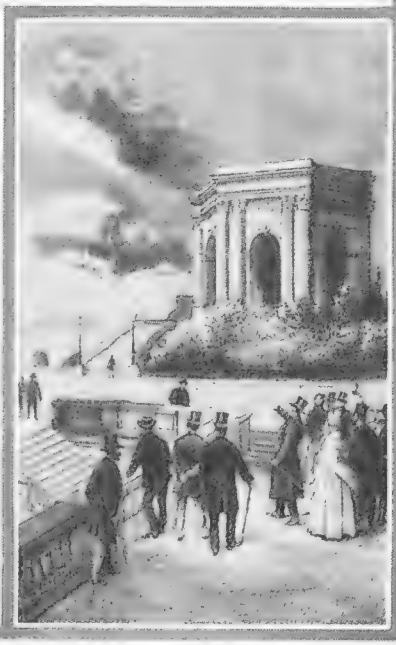
Unsolved Mysteries Of The Occult

THE mystery of the unknown has always fascinated mankind. Through the ages humanity has been thrilled and baffled by occultistic wonders. Scientists tried to discover their source and find the secrets of those "things between heaven and earth" which were beyond the common man's sense. Fakes were discovered, tricksters and forgers found out but the magic of supernatural powers was stronger than revelations and cynical denunciations.

When during the last century science progressed and knowledge improved, occultism was no longer regarded as black magic or witchcraft; an explanation for the astounding feats of mysterious powers was sought and science tried to solve the puzzles of often incredible events. It did not always succeed. Some surprising mysteries of more than a century ago remained mysteries to our days.

In the year of 1777 a German doctor by the name of Mesmer arrived in Vienna to perform in the Austrian capital experiments with his newly discovered animal magnetism. By touching and caressing a person in a certain way, Mesmer claimed to be able to submit anyone to his absolute will. He made the acquaintance of a blind girl, Maria Theresa Paradis, who received, because of her blindness, a yearly pension of 200 florins from the Empress Maria Theresa. Mesmer cured the girl from her blindness by magnetizing her, but her father fearing that, with the sight restored, the

(*Continued on page* 64)



Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer, the famous German doctor, with the blind girl Maria Theresa Paradis. She played the piano but the doctor's magnetic influence over her was so great that her playing became masterful and her fame as a player conquered the salons of Vienna

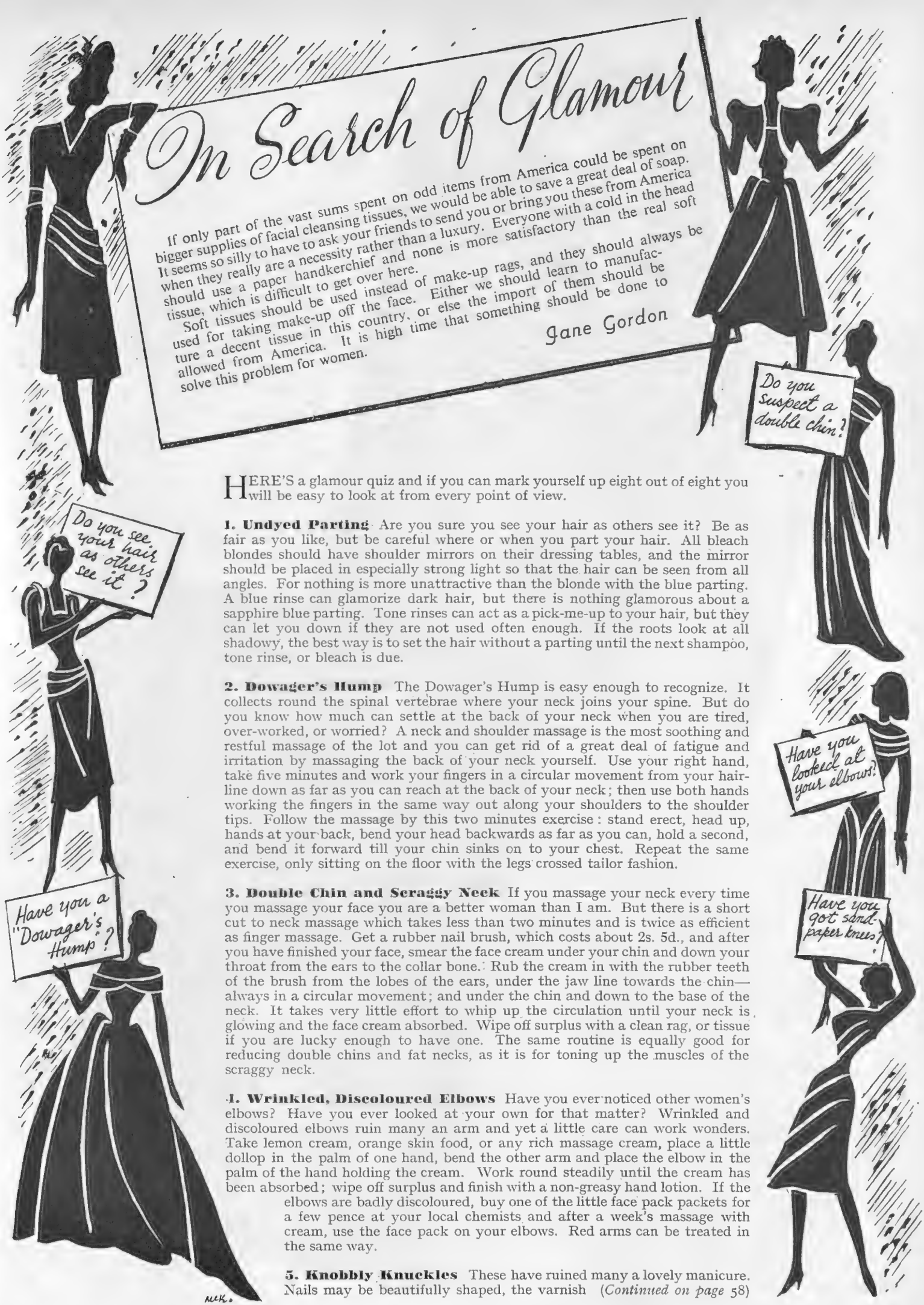
(On left):
Antonia Ricard, who was reputed to possess the power to produce rain at will by the simple movement of his hand, demonstrates these powers in Paris in 1856

In Search of Glamour

If only part of the vast sums spent on odd items from America could be spent on bigger supplies of facial cleansing tissues, we would be able to save a great deal of soap. It seems so silly to have to ask your friends to send you or bring you these from America when they really are a necessity rather than a luxury. Everyone with a cold in the head should use a paper handkerchief and none is more satisfactory than the real soft tissue, which is difficult to get over here.

Soft tissues should be used instead of make-up rags, and they should always be used for taking make-up off the face. Either we should learn to manufacture a decent tissue in this country, or else the import of them should be allowed from America. It is high time that something should be done to solve this problem for women.

Jane Gordon


Do you see your hair as others see it?
Have you a "Dowager's Hump"?
Do you suspect a double chin?
Have you looked at your elbows?
Have you got sandpaper knees?

HERE'S a glamour quiz and if you can mark yourself up eight out of eight you will be easy to look at from every point of view.

1. Undyed Parting Are you sure you see your hair as others see it? Be as fair as you like, but be careful where or when you part your hair. All bleach blondes should have shoulder mirrors on their dressing tables, and the mirror should be placed in especially strong light so that the hair can be seen from all angles. For nothing is more unattractive than the blonde with the blue parting. A blue rinse can glamorize dark hair, but there is nothing glamorous about a sapphire blue parting. Tone rinses can act as a pick-me-up to your hair, but they can let you down if they are not used often enough. If the roots look at all shadowy, the best way is to set the hair without a parting until the next shampoo, tone rinse, or bleach is due.

2. Dowager's Hump The Dowager's Hump is easy enough to recognize. It collects round the spinal vertebrae where your neck joins your spine. But do you know how much can settle at the back of your neck when you are tired, over-worked, or worried? A neck and shoulder massage is the most soothing and restful massage of the lot and you can get rid of a great deal of fatigue and irritation by massaging the back of your neck yourself. Use your right hand, take five minutes and work your fingers in a circular movement from your hair-line down as far as you can reach at the back of your neck; then use both hands working the fingers in the same way out along your shoulders to the shoulder tips. Follow the massage by this two minutes exercise: stand erect, head up, hands at your back, bend your head backwards as far as you can, hold a second, and bend it forward till your chin sinks on to your chest. Repeat the same exercise, only sitting on the floor with the legs crossed tailor fashion.

3. Double Chin and Scraggy Neck If you massage your neck every time you massage your face you are a better woman than I am. But there is a short cut to neck massage which takes less than two minutes and is twice as efficient as finger massage. Get a rubber nail brush, which costs about 2s. 5d., and after you have finished your face, smear the face cream under your chin and down your throat from the ears to the collar bone. Rub the cream in with the rubber teeth of the brush from the lobes of the ears, under the jaw line towards the chin—always in a circular movement; and under the chin and down to the base of the neck. It takes very little effort to whip up the circulation until your neck is glowing and the face cream absorbed. Wipe off surplus with a clean rag, or tissue if you are lucky enough to have one. The same routine is equally good for reducing double chins and fat necks, as it is for toning up the muscles of the scraggy neck.

4. Wrinkled, Discoloured Elbows Have you ever noticed other women's elbows? Have you ever looked at your own for that matter? Wrinkled and discoloured elbows ruin many an arm and yet a little care can work wonders. Take lemon cream, orange skin food, or any rich massage cream, place a little dollop in the palm of one hand, bend the other arm and place the elbow in the palm of the hand holding the cream. Work round steadily until the cream has been absorbed; wipe off surplus and finish with a non-greasy hand lotion. If the elbows are badly discoloured, buy one of the little face pack packets for a few pence at your local chemists and after a week's massage with cream, use the face pack on your elbows. Red arms can be treated in the same way.

5. Knobbly Knuckles These have ruined many a lovely manicure. Nails may be beautifully shaped, the varnish (*Continued on page* 58)

Rainbow Sweater

MATERIALS : 2 ozs. of main colour 3-ply Lavenda; 7 or 8 small balls of contrast colours, 3-ply (about ¼ oz.); one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 needles; 3 buttons.
MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins; across the back and front underarms 17 ins.; underarm of sleeve seam 6 ins.
TENSION : 9 sts. to one inch on No. 10 needles.

PATTERN

The main part of Pullover is work in stocking stitch (1 row k., 1 row p.), joining all contrast colour wool with a KNIT row.

The stripes are worked from the 1st contrast to the 8th contrast colour. These stripes are repeated throughout.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles and main colour wool, cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins.

Change to No. 10 needles and 1st contrast colour wool with a k. row. P. 1 row. Join on 2nd contrast colour with a k. row. Continue in this way the 8 contrast colours.

Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 8th row until 13 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. (*Continued on page 66*)

Bolero in Blue

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. of 3-ply Emu Unshrinkable Pure Botany Fingering; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 13 knitting needles.
TO FIT A 34-INCH BUST MEASUREMENT.
TENSION : 9 sts. to one inch.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 107 sts.

Work in moss stitch as follows :

1st row.—S. 1*, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

This one row forms moss stitch.

Continue for 2 ins. then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row following until 113 sts. on needle. Continue without further shaping until 6½ ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every row until 89 sts. remain. Work without further shaping until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 armhole end rows. Cast off the remaining sts. for the back of the neck.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 45 sts. Work 3 rows.

Next row.—Moss stitch to the last st., inc. into last st.

Next row.—Inc. into 1st st., moss stitch to end.

Repeat these last 2 rows until 55 sts.

Next row.—Work in moss stitch.

Next row.—Inc. in 1st st., moss stitch to end.

Repeat these last 2 rows until 59 sts.

Next 3 rows moss stitch.

Next row.—Inc. into 1st st., moss stitch to end. (*Continued on page 66*)

Scaioni, Paris

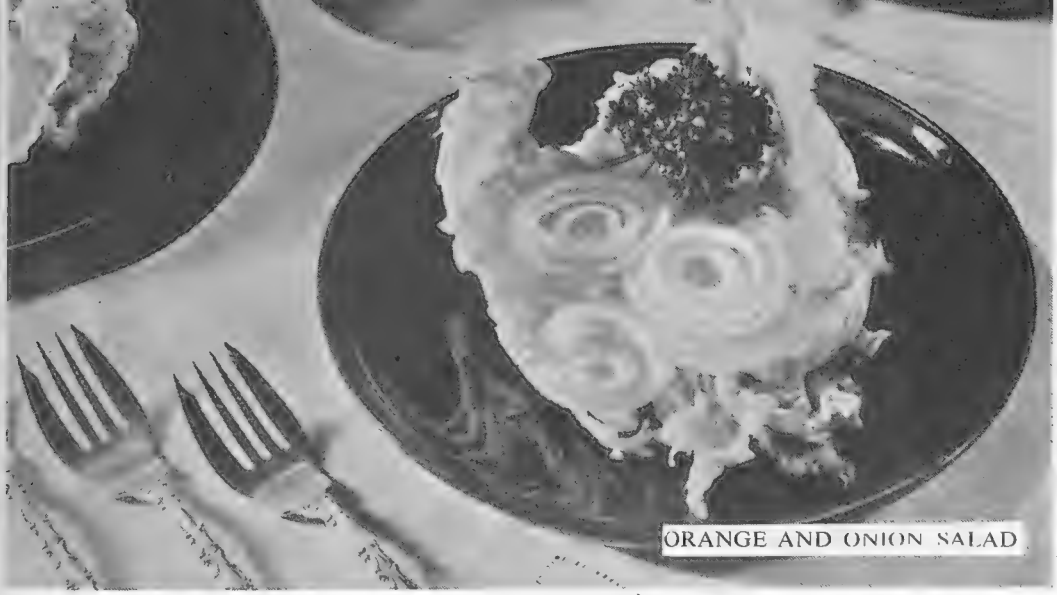
French Couture

Nineteen Forty Seven

Subtlety of colouring, the greater length of skirts, tiny pinched-in waists above billowing hips, and necklines very high or very low were the outstanding fashion points from the Paris dress shows. Patou experiments with pleats—pleated skirts, pleated pockets, flat-pleated collars; Lelong subdues the sharp hemline with an effect sometimes almost reminiscent of the bloomer; Schiaparelli combines small hats of an extravagant floweriness with suits of unrelieved black.

Patou's glamorous evening dress, photographed above, shows a skirt falling in fabulous folds of pastel yellow satin from a bodice of fine black lace intricately whaleboned.

Christian Dior's charmingly feminine black afternoon dress (top left) has a deep fichu neckline finished with an enormous velvet bow on the bosom. The moulded bodice tops a flared skirt with deep unpressed pleats at the back (sketch top right). On the right Jacques Fath's navy afternoon dress has the "guardsman" collar so prominent in the Collections and a triangular overdrape at the hipline with appliqued motifs of coarse white lace. The lace also appears on the collar.



ORANGE AND ONION SALAD

Enjoy Your Vitamins

Fresh young vegetables and raw green salads are rich in vitamins. Here are suggestions for preparing them so that their tastiness is equal to their health-giving properties

FLEMISH CARROTS

SALADS are welcome all the year round, but the spring and summer is undoubtedly the time when they are most appreciated, but considering the popularity of this form of food and the many varieties it is possible to obtain with a little trouble it is surprising how seldom one meets with anything in the average household but the ordinary salad composed chiefly of lettuce. To compound a really good salad is quite an art and one in which the British do not excel. As a rule, our salads are too hastily mixed and without thought or care. To begin with it is quite necessary that the ingredients of which the salad is to be composed, such as lettuce, endive, cress, chicory or the like, should be well cleaned and perfectly dry. Then freshness is another point on which one should be particular and not only for salads but for all vegetables and fruit. Bearing these few points in mind, try the following spring salads and less common ways of cooking one or two of the season's young vegetables.

MEAT AND VEGETABLE SALAD

Skin some cold boiled broad beans and place them in a salad bowl with some lettuce and thin slices of cold meat; sprinkle with chopped parsley. The dressing for this salad should be made as follows: Beat up an egg (reconstituted) and add gradually a little mustard, pepper, 3 large spoonfuls of salad oil (if available), 1 teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar and 1 of ordinary vinegar.

GREEN PEAS (Basque Style)

Trim and wash 2 lettuces, cut them into fine shreds and put them into a saucepan with 1 quart of shelled peas, 1 small onion and 1 small bunch of parsley. Add sufficient salt to flavour and a lump of sugar. Add enough cold water to cover the contents of the pan, put on the lid and cook for 25 minutes over a good fire; a small piece of soda may be added to retain the colour of the peas. Remove the parsley and onion. Mix 1 oz. of margarine with 1 dessertspoonful of flour and knead it; add to the peas and cook for another 10 minutes. Season with a pinch of pepper and more salt if needed. Dish up and serve with a few "fleurons" of puff pastry neatly arranged round the dish.

ORANGE AND ONION SALAD

Wash and peel an onion and cut it into thin slices. Peel an orange, remove the pips and slice thinly with a sharp knife. Arrange the orange slices on a bed of crisp salad greens. Serve with dressing.

FLEMISH CARROTS

Scrape 2 bunches of new carrots; add 1 onion chopped small. Put all into a stewpan with a good-sized piece of beef dripping, season with pepper and salt and add about ½ teacupful of water. Stew rather rapidly for 20 minutes or until perfectly tender.

TURNIPS "POULETTE"

Trim, wash and peel some new season turnips and cut them into even-sized cubes or fingers. Cook till tender in milk and water, seasoned with salt, a small bay leaf and a small blade of mace. Drain the cooked turnips on a sieve. Heat up a gill of good white sauce, incorporate 2 tablespoonfuls of cream (top of the milk), add salt and pepper to taste, also a grate of nutmeg. Now add 1 dessertspoonful of finely chopped parsley. Put the cooked turnips into this and toss gently over the fire so as to thoroughly heat the vegetables without breaking or mashing them. When quite hot, serve immediately, garnishing the dish with "croutons" of fried bread.

Harriet Muir

Springtime-Lambtime

MUTTON dressed as lamb! Well, maybe, but the genuine article should be available this season, and what a joy it is with so many dainty recipes for lamb just crying to be tried out. But before we detail some of these good dishes, let me remind you what may be done with a shoulder of lamb (or mutton for that matter) other than just popping it into the oven to roast and serving with mint sauce. First of all the shoulder ought to be boned and that is not nearly as difficult as it sounds. Have a sharp-pointed knife and turning the shoulder over, feel for the blade bone. Begin cutting from there, keeping close to the bone all the time, and cut down one side first. When that is done, it will be much easier to manage the other side without mangling the flesh. Carefully trim the meat, removing all ragged edges. Have ready a little stuffing of breadcrumbs, pepper and salt and a sprinkling of dried herbs bound together with a beaten-up egg and lay this mixture in the cut portion of the meat; fold it carefully over and roll into a meat round. Sew the roll with very fine twine, trim the ends neatly and skewer. The rolled shoulder will take about half an hour longer to cook than an ordinary one as the meat is more compressed. The skewers should be removed before serving.

Now for the bones! Cut away all adhering bits of meat, break them (the bones) into smallish pieces with a chopper and put on the fire to simmer as long as possible in a gallon of water. Strain off the liquid and put aside till the next day. Then peel and cut into quarters 4 large onions, pour boiling water over them and let them stand for 10 minutes. Pour this off, cut the onions small and place on the fire with 3 tablespoonfuls of sago, pepper and salt and the bone liquid. Let this cook very slowly from 4 to 6 hours and strain before serving. This will be found to be an excellent "pick-me-up" as well as a good luncheon or supper soup.

The meat trimmings, after the superfluous skin and fat have been removed, I suggest should be used as follows: Chop all into tiny bits, season well and add some pieces of chopped-up mushrooms. Line a large flat dish, or some individual patty tins with plain short pastry, put in the meat and cover with a thin lid of crust, leaving an open hole in the centre of each patty. Bake in a moderate oven and just prior to serving, pour some rich gravy over them.

Should there be any of the rolled shoulder left over, but not enough to have as cold meat, mince what remains, flavour well with salt, pepper and a little fried onion and stuff large, scooped-out onions with the mixture. Tie each onion in a piece of muslin and boil for about 3 hours. Serve with white sauce.

Well, there you are, if you are a large family and your ration runs to a whole shoulder you know what to do. Now for some recipes which may suit the smaller household better and the first one comes from France.

GREEN LAMB

Cut your meat into small squares and fry them lightly with 1 chopped-up onion. Then sprinkle 1 dessertspoonful of flour, a pinch of salt and one of pepper over the meat and stir in. Have ready 2 lb. of well-washed spinach; put in a saucepan of boiling, salted water, bring again to the boil and strain off immediately, keeping 1 cupful of the liquid. Put the spinach into a fireproof dish, cover with the meat and pour over the cupful of liquid. Leave in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

LAMB FRITTERS

Take some cold lamb, remove all the skin and fat and mince it finely. Moisten with some good white sauce, well flavoured. Next make a batter by putting 1 oz. of flour in a basin, add a pinch of salt, 1 tablespoonful of salad oil and then beat into it ½ gill of tepid water. Beat a reconstituted egg and stir into the batter. Take some of the minced lamb, roll in thin slices of bacon, dredge with flour, dip into the batter and then fry in boiling fat. Put the fritters on paper to dry over the stove or at the door for the oven. Then serve on a folded napkin garnished with fried parsley and slices of lemon.

Two Uses For Green Gooseberries

GOOSEBERRY AND CREAM JELLY

Take some green gooseberries and stew till tender with sugar and water, being careful not to break the fruit; add a couple of drops of spinach juice or colouring. To each pint of gooseberries and syrup, allow ½ oz. of leaf gelatine dissolved in it. Rinse a mould in cold water, place it in a bowl of cold water and pour in some of the gooseberries and syrup. When set, place any handy small jar or the equivalent in the centre and fill up the space between it and the mould with the fruit and syrup. Set aside until perfectly firm. Pour some hot water into the jar to loosen it and take it out at once before the heat dissolves the walls of the jelly. Make a stiff vanilla cream, add sufficient dissolved gelatine to set, mix in a few cooked gooseberries and fill up the cavity left in the jelly. Allow the mould to set thoroughly and then turn out carefully. Leave in a cold place until required.

GREEN GOOSEBERRY CHUTNEY

Boil a quart of green gooseberries with 1 lb. of coarse brown sugar (grocers quite frequently have brown sugar but not necessarily the coarse kind) in ¾ pint of vinegar till partly cooked. Then place in a jar. Add 1 lb. of stoned and chopped raisins, 3 oz. of garlic, dried and pounded, 3 oz. of mustard seed, bruised, and 1 oz. of pounded chillies. Place the jar in a cool oven for several hours a day, for four consecutive days, and if at the end of this time the chutney appears too dry, add a little vinegar. Stir the contents of the jar each day before placing it in the oven again.

V. I. P.

Very Important Person

THERE is a great deal of nonsense talked about the only child. I have heard it said that they are often "peculiar"; often selfish, peevish and assertive. This is true of some, but there are even more who are normal, charming children, thanks, in most cases, to intelligent and understanding parental guidance.

It is indisputable that the only child labours under a handicap; since his childhood is to a great extent a loosing battle with loneliness and a constant effort as hanger-on in the activities of a grown-up; but if parents make a determined effort to anticipate these handicaps, a great deal can be done to mitigate them.

More than those who enjoy the advantage of a fuller family life, only children need companionship. But by the very nature of these circumstances, they are often less well equipped for making friends. This is why parents of an only child have a very special responsibility in seeing that the art of "mixing" and sharing in every sense with others is the primary lesson of early childhood.

Neglecting to provide a child with companionship at his own level can have tragic consequences. Intelligent and imaginative infants, thrown too much upon their own resources and upon the resources of grown-ups, tend to build for themselves a world of fantasy. This is a normal aspect of development in all children and need not be discouraged, provided they are frequently reminded that make-believe is just fun, a game to "snap out of" when reality steps in.

In this imaginary sphere which children—especially lonely ones—construct for themselves, the child is always and inevitably his own central figure. Thus when in real life he finds himself joining in play and work with others, he tends to strive for domination as complete as that which he enjoys in his world of fantasy. This inevitably leads to strife and to those awkward and unpopular manifestations of apparent selfishness which gets him into disrepute.

The only child's besetting problem is that of learning to live with others as *an equal*. Children who are members of a large family acquire this habit in the normal routine of daily life. For the first year or two of babyhood *every* child enjoys a special measure of attention, but the only child continues to enjoy this priority treatment long after those with brothers and sisters find themselves members of a community in which they are merely component parts.

For this reason alone, I have no hesitation in recommending the nursery school for the only child from two years onwards. The free play which is practised there is valuable experience in itself. Here he learns to adapt himself, to co-operate with others and, in other senses, to develop his own resources away from the loving but inevitably smothering influence of his doting parents.

THERE is a tendency for the mother of an only child to interfere too much in his affairs. Children who are thus denied the right of testing their own resources are at a disadvantage which may continue throughout life.

In my experience, the most noticeable characteristic of the only child is his preoccupation with the reaction of adults to his own behaviour. Being perpetually in the spotlight of their attention, his vanity is stimulated to an unhealthy degree, unless steps are taken to prevent it. Excessive naughtiness is often in such cases a manifestation of his endeavours to engage this flattering attention to a greater and greater extent.

For all this, naughtiness is a natural development and the conscientious parents of a (*Continued on page* 61)

Linen Lore

Bed and table linen, more inclined to shreds and tatters as time rolls on, needs additional care when outdoor drying comes into its own again.

Strong spring breezes are responsible for much wear and tear unless linen is pegged on the line with care. Though drying may take a little longer, it is worth while to double sheets and tablecloths over the line rather than to peg them by their edges. Never hang pillow cases by their hemstitched edges or in such a way that tugging winds put a heavy strain upon weakening fabrics.

Repairs done *before* washing ensure that small rents and thin places are not increased by rubbing in the washtub and hanging on the line.

Poised perfection... as in the stillness of Arum lilies . . . or in the sculptured serenity of your profile as you pause for a moment, gratefully aware of your own success ! Silently you thank the Yardley creams and lotions which have helped you attain this perfection . . . so like the fragrant freshness of a flower. Complexion Milk 6/6, Skin Food 6/6, Liquefying Cleansing Cream 6/6. All Prices include tax.

33 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. **YARDLEY**

JAEGER

JAEGER HOUSE, 204, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1, OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER.

Weather Ship Chain For The Atlantic

(*Continued from page* 15)

Every country, in fact, now broadcasts its own reports for the benefit of every other country, by international agreement, and nearly all weather archives are open to world access. Dating back over eighty years, these records themselves are fast assuming deep significance. It may not seem to matter very much if it rained heavily at Coolgardie on June 3rd, 1887, but meteorologists think otherwise. Today, indeed, they no longer regard Dame Nature's moods and tantrums as unaccountable or unpredictable. Instead, they tend to see her as a haggard old concert artiste, constantly repeating her favourite pieces and touring from country to country to a fairly tight schedule.

Not long ago, for example, a team of scientists, led by Dr. C. E. P. Brooks concluded a detailed study of the singularities of the climate in Western Europe, going as far afield as Dorpat, Esthonia, and studying records dating back to 1866 in their quest for the facts. In Britain they pored over daily synoptic (barometric pressure) charts covering fifty-two years, and altogether plotted the weather as recorded daily at seven widely scattered climatological stations. They found no fewer than twenty-three recurrent "singularities," most of them affecting day-to-day conditions. Thus the stormy periods begin about January 24, February 26, March 24, April 23, October 24, November 24 and December 25.

This in turn goes far to prove that rhythmic clockwork action exists between Europe's two great shuttlecock weather controls, the Azores and Iceland, but these are only two instrumentalists in the world weather symphony, powerful, for the temperature obeys them in places as widely separated as Stornaway, to the north-west of the British Isles and Charleston, on the south-east coast of the United States, powerful but by no means the main ones.

Where, then, does the world's weather originate? Studying this problem, another group of researchists, headed by Sir Gilbert Walker, have traced seventeen centres of action. India is a mainspring, and whether you wear a raincoat or carry a swimsuit most of next summer may depend on the present snowfall in the Himalayas.

Knowing that a good monsoon may spell famine or food for millions, the Indian Meteorological Office has paid great attention to the Himalayas in forecasting the vital June to September rains. Gradually, however, other "met" men realized that the monsoons in turn affect the climate in other parts of the earth. Six months later the Indian rainfall is still exerting a 66 per cent influence in Alaska, a 62 per cent influence in Melbourne and a 52 per cent influence at the Cape. A scanty Indian monsoon means low pressure in Honolulu, a warm early spring in Winnipeg, and this in turn may be preceded by the definite signs of high pressure in North Australia, high temperature at Madras and a low Nile flood.

Again, it has been proved that the winter temperatures of South-West Africa and the monsoon fringe take their cue from a cold ocean current flowing between Antarctica and Tierra del Fuego. Winter temperature records at the stormy tip of South America show a corresponding pattern from Durban to Zanzibar twelve months later, the ocean current taking just a year on its journey!

Nine months after the controls exerted by the monsoons, North-West India also takes up the tale, rolling the thunder-drums that shake Samoa three months later. Simultaneously, South America will also be active, weaving the weather spells that are to make themselves felt from Port Darwin to the Cape. Then the climatic Grand Quiz switches to the rainfall in Central Africa with its completely accurate gauge to the height of the ensuing Nile flood, Egyptian cotton and Rumanian wheat crops.

In the north similarly the extent of unmelted ice in the Kara Sea in August has been found to affect Britain's notoriously unsettled climate for nearly three years. When the ice is excessive, the next year's summer proves decidedly "English." Six months later this gives way to a more settled spell and it is then forwarded by three or four six-monthly alternations of good or bad weather. Owing to the work of the Danish Meteorological Institute, the Kara Sea is a well-watched trouble spot. But Arctic meteorological observation is so new that the records shed little light on other predictable patterns. It may mean patiently waiting for years before we detect the repetition of winning sides in Europe's constant summer battle between the cold Siberian gales and the maritime airs from the tropics.

As a science meteorology is still in its infancy. But it's learning fast.

END

Hand Of Glory

(*Continued from page* 12)

"The murderer?"

"Sure. Better have this print photographed at once. There's a definite fault in the pattern near the ball of the great toe. Obviously due to a curiously shaped cut in the rubber. Might very well serve to identify your man."

Jamieson was not particularly impressed. "We're getting places now!" he muttered. "Just line up the male population of London and examine their shoes!"

Peter did not reply at once. He sat back on his heels thoughtfully.

"I'm puzzled, Jimmy," he confessed, after a while. "Although it's so faint, this print is far too complete and clear to have been made by a dry shoe. The murderer's soles weren't muddy; but unquestionably they were damp. My recollection is that last night was clear and frosty."

"So is mine. I took the dog out about eleven. Beautiful."

"How did the murderer get his shoes wet?"

"Couldn't be blood, of course?"

"No. Just water; and not too much of that." Peter rose to his feet. "Puzzling—and important. We must make quite certain about this; may give us the line we're wanting. Who can tell us if there was any rain at all last night? Air Ministry?"

"Yes. They keep records. I'll ring them."

Jamieson went to the phone and put through the call. After a short delay, he received the desired information.

"There was a short, sharp shower," he reported, "five minutes before midnight. The only rain in the last twenty-four hours."

"Surprising. Takes some thinking out. Let's see what we can do about it."

Peter dropped on to the settee again, heavy brows bunched in concentration. Jamieson's dour features grew steadily grimmer.

"That print was made about midnight, Mr. Trevor," he ventured.

"Yes," agreed Peter absently.

"Whoever made it came in by the fire-escape, or his shoes would have dried on the carpets."

"Unquestionably."

"And Kincaird's body wasn't lying there then, or he couldn't have made it."

"No arguing against that."

Jamieson cleared his throat apologetically.

"Then doesn't it seem," he asked, "that we're wrong about the time of the murder?"

Peter appeared to shake himself and rouse from his reverie. A moment later he was smiling, his dark eyes sparkling mischievously.

"Tut-tut, Jimmy! As though I could make such a mistake! No, we're not wrong about the time of the

(*Continued on page* 52)

Sensational!

says MRS. ROBERT MONTGOMERY

"*And that's why Tangee Gay Red is starring on Hollywood's smartest lips.*"

In Hollywood (where a girl's face is her fortune) Gay Red, Tangee's sensational new "Petal Finish" Lipstick is being acclaimed by the loveliest ladies. Wear Tangee, too, and make your lips young, gay and appealing. In these exciting new colours — ✶ Gay Red ✶ Medium Red ✶ Theatrical Red and ✶ Tangee Natural.

USE Tangee AND SEE

HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN BE

Mow Cop Castle, Cheshire. An imitation ruin built in 1750. (One of the properties of the National Trust)

N/MW

The best in a day's walk

NUGGET

BOOT POLISH

IN BLACK, BROWN & DARK BROWN

Supreme for Quality

DUFRAIS
Special
VINEGARS

Tarragon
Garlic
Chili

Elder
Cider
Eschalot
etc.

Made from Natural Herbs
Matured in Genuine Malt
Vinegar
AND SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE
DUFRAIS & CO. LTD.
87 South Lambeth Road, S.W.8

murder. Kincaird was shot at nine all right."

"Then how do you account——"

"The murderer came back."

"He did—what?"

"And the fact that he came back alters everything. It makes the case simple and straightforward. It shows, for instance, that we were wrong about the time when he did the other things."

"Now you're talking riddles."

"Sorry. Just thinking aloud. Here it is in plain language. After shooting Kincaird, our man left by the fire-escape. He couldn't be certain that the shot had not been heard, though these modern buildings are supposed to be soundproof. In any case, he wouldn't want to risk being seen leaving the flat. For the same reason, when he returned, he used the fire-escape, making this footprint which is going to hang him. Clearly it was on this second visit, around midnight, that he moved the body, cut off the hand, and burned the blotter." Peter rose from the settee. "We've work to do, Jimmy, and we ought to get busy at once. Time's likely to be precious. Will you ring the Yard? I've an idea someone reported the loss of a revolver last night. If so, get full particulars, please."

Jamieson stared for a moment, then obeyed. He was busy at the phone for quite a while, taking notes of what he was told. When he hung up, his eyes were wide with wonder.

"Witchcraft!" he muttered, turning to stare at Peter again. "At nine-thirty-three last night, a Mr. Simon Pollitt dialled 999 to say that he'd been attacked and robbed in his own home. A patrol car arrived at his house in Gray's Inn Road within two minutes."

"Quick work," approved Peter.

"There are some things we *can* do at the Yard, Mr. Trevor. Though even so, our men were too late to do more than take Pollitt's statement. He's a diamond merchant, a bachelor living alone in an old detached house. When he got home about eight-thirty, he heard vague sounds upstairs, as though someone were furtively moving about, and at once thought of burglars. In his bedroom, in the drawer of a bedside table, was a revolver. Without switching on any lights he crept quietly upstairs to get this."

"He'll have a licence for the gun, of course?"

"As a matter of fact, his licence covers two. He keeps one at home, one at his office in Hatton Garden. They're both ·32 Colts, bought at the same time, with consecutive serial numbers. About the right size for Kincaird's wounds, eh?"

"Definitely. Go on."

"Well, almost as soon as he'd grabbed the revolver, someone jumped on him. In the darkness he never even caught a glimpse of his assailant. There was a scrap, during which the revolver was accidentally fired before being wrenched from his hand. Then he received a blow on the head which knocked him out. When he recovered he was lying on the bedroom floor, still in darkness. Took him a while to pull himself together. He found that he'd been unconscious the best part of an hour. The burglar had vanished, taking with him the revolver and Pollitt's wallet which contained personal papers and a good deal of money. Pollitt called the Yard as soon as he could get down to the phone."

"No worse for his adventure, I hope?"

"A nasty bruise on the head; that's all. Our men found an open window in the kitchen. They also found the revolver bullet in the bedroom, buried in a wardrobe. But there were no finger-prints, no clues to the burglar's identity. And as Pollitt couldn't give them any description, they haven't much chance of getting on the fellow's track."

Jamieson shut his notebook with a snap.

"Disappointing, isn't it? I haven't the foggiest notion how your mind's working except that you're pretty sure Kincaird was shot with this stolen revolver. If so, we want that burglar—badly. And I'm hanged if I know how we're going to set about getting him. Any more brainwaves, Mr. Trevor?"

"Yes," said Peter. "I think we'd better go to Mr. Simon Pollitt's office at once. I've an idea we might be in time to prevent another murder."

Hand Of Glory

THE police car sped swiftly to Hatton Garden, depositing its passengers at the building in which Pollitt's offices were situated. Leaving two plain-clothes men outside with instructions to efface themselves, Jamieson and Peter ascended the stairs. They entered a small outer office, occupied by a lanky freckled youth who informed them that Mr. Pollitt had just gone out to lunch.

"We'll wait," said Peter.

The lanky youth fidgeted uncomfortably.

"Mr. Pollitt's given me the afternoon off, sir. Said I could lock up and go as soon as I'd finished this ledger."

Jamieson disclosed his identity. "No need for you to hang around. We'll take care of the office until Mr. Pollitt returns."

Over-awed, the youth completed his book-keeping, reached his hat from behind the door, and departed.

"We're hitting the nail on the head, Jimmy," Peter said cheerfully. "Freckle-face gets the afternoon off because Pollitt is more than half expecting an important visitor. Lend me your skeletons, will you? I'd like a look inside his private office."

Jamieson handed over the keys, watching uneasily while Peter attacked the lock of the inner office. This was soon opened. He slipped through, returning almost immediately with a revolver.

"Another nail," he commented. "From the top drawer of his desk. Someone's been rather careless. Smell at the barrel. Been fired recently, don't you think? Ought to have been cleaned before it was put back into the drawer."

"I wish I knew what you're getting at, Mr. Trevor."

"You will," said Peter, dropping the revolver into his pocket.

Time dragged slowly past, bringing to the office an atmosphere of tension. The building had become unusually quiet. Only an occasional footstep sounded in the corridors. Even the roar of traffic outside seemed muffled.

Both men started a little at the unheralded knock on the outer door. Taut and alert, Jamieson sprang from his chair.

"Come in!" he called.

When the door opened to admit an under-sized ginger-haired little man with weak watery eyes, an almost ludicrous surprise showed on his tense features.

"Well, if it isn't Slippy Bingham!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here, Slippy?"

The little man blinked. He was very frightened indeed.

"Sorry if I—I've butted in, Inspector," he faltered. "I—I didn't know—I just wanted a word with Mr. Pollitt."

Peter gave him a friendly smile, and rose leisurely to his feet.

"On your records, Jimmy?" he inquired. "A pickpocket?"

"One of the cleverest—but how in Hades do you know?"

"He had to be. It was the only thing that would fit in. He's the visitor Pollitt is half expecting." Peter turned back to the little man. "You may be a good pickpocket, Mr. Bingham," he said severely. "But you're making a very bad start as a blackmailer."

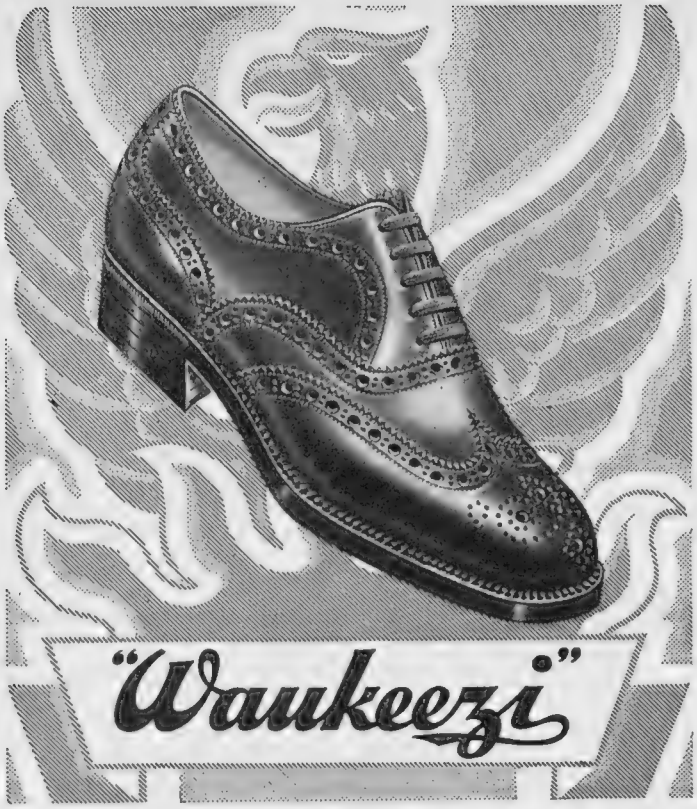
"I—I dunno what yer mean, guv'ner."

"Oh, yes, you do! Last night, just after nine o'clock, you picked a man's pocket. Somewhere near Avondale Court, wasn't it? Got a wallet and a revolver—which had been fired recently. The documents in the wallet, of course, told you who its owner was. When you saw in the mid-day papers just now that someone had been shot at Avondale Court, you decided to come along and see what Mr. Pollitt would be prepared to pay for the return of his gun. Very risky. He'd probably have shot you."

The little man broke.

"I'll tell yer everythin'k Inspector," he whined. "And 'elp yer all I can if yer'll make it easy fer me."

"Let one of your men look after him, Jimmy," suggested (*Continued on page* 54)



The tradition of over 50 years of making GOOD shoes is embodied in this "Waukeezi" Men's Full Brogue welted model. In calf—of really superb quality.

If this model is out of stock, there will be other WAUKEEZI styles at your Agent.

The WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD. NORTHAMPTON

1021

LADY BARTLETT

Brunette granddaughter of lovely Lily Langtry chooses Pond's Peach Powder, a warm flesh tint

BRUNETTES, take care!

Take care, brunettes! No ordinary face powder can bring out the full beauty of your complexion. But Pond's is different! For, thanks to the colourscope, Pond's shades are scientifically blended to bring out the lovely hidden tints of each complexion type—the glamour of glorious *creamy* skin, the radiance of *fair* skin. There is a Pond's Powder shade blended specially for *your* colouring.

The hidden tints in each complexion type were revealed by Pond's colourscope. (It showed brilliant green in brunettes' skin!)

POND'S *Face Powder*

OUTDOOR *freshness* INDOORS

Parozone brings the clean, healthy freshness of the open-air right inside the house—in the white perfection of linens, in the brightness of porcelain and tiles, and in the fresh cleanliness of lavatory bowl and drains.
Parozone has been a successful 'home-help' for sixty years. Follow the directions on the bottle label.

Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

PAROZONE REGD.

does more than bleach

HEAD OFFICE, GLASGOW *and at* LONDON *and* NOTTINGHAM

Up jumped pussy and down went the milk, but the table was SPOSSed last week, so wipe it up and all's well. SPOSS Furniture Dressing quickly and easily produces a hard waxed surface which resists damp bloom and can't be spoilt by children's fingermarks or smears. Mrs. Sposs can well be tolerant of little accidents; she uses all SPOSS products to make her housework easy.

SPOSS FURNITURE DRESSING · FLOOR DRESSING · FLOOR SEAL · WINDOW SHEEN

Obtainable from high-class grocery and hardware stores. If you have any difficulty please send us your retailer's name and address.

Simmonds Products Ltd., Dept. 702/20, Great West Road, Brentford, London, (203A) *makers of OCTIM, the famous all-purpose Cleaner.*

The *new*
two-in-one
make-up

Rimmel

BEAUTY CAKE

A few seconds to put on, then complexion loveliness until late at night. Created by the world famous Rimmel. Through the expert blending of cream and powder, it is specially designed for preserving the softness and elasticity of the skin.

★ **Also the famous Rimmel Eye Cosmetique**

for silky brows, lustrous lashes. Never runs or smears and stays on for as long as you wish. Strengthens the lashes too!

HE MUST BE 100 PER CENT

Lixen

THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE

In bottles - - 2/3, 3/11

LIXEN LOZENGES

For the children. Fruit-flavoured, in bottles 1/11½

From Chemists only.

It's an Allenburys Product

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Limited

L57G

Peter. "We must wait here and knock the final nail into Pollitt's coffin."

Jamieson hurried Slippy Bingham from the office. When he returned a few minutes later, his dour features expressed a curious mixture of bewilderment and admiration.

"You've done it again, Mr. Trevor," he said. "How?"

Peter smiled. "The Hand of Glory pointed the way. As soon as I realized that the murderer had come back to cut off Kincaird's hand, everything was clear. You'll have to ferret out the question of motive for yourself; though your original notion of the murderer being dunned to desperation for payment of an IOU fits in perfectly. Anyhow, Pollitt shot Kincaird at the writing-table, and cleared off by the fire-escape as we deduced. He'd left no clues behind him and considered himself perfectly safe.

"But before he got home, he discovered that his pocket had been picked. Most upsetting. The gun could easily be traced to him. The bullet that had killed Kincaird was still in the lounge with the dead man—no, it hadn't gone out of the window, Jimmy, though we were intended to think so—and if the revolver fell into the hands of the police, they were almost certain to make tests which would prove that it had fired the fatal bullet. So the first essential was to persuade them that it had already passed out of his possession at the time the murder was committed.

"I think he put up a pretty good show in the circumstances. He called here for his second revolver, hurried home, fired it into the wardrobe, and dialled 999. A self-inflicted head injury corroborated his statement that he'd been unconscious the best part of an hour. This served a double purpose. It fooled the police into believing that his revolver was stolen about half-past eight. It also gave him an excellent alibi for nine o'clock, the time of the murder. But you'll be able to prove that the bullet in his wardrobe was fired from the revolver I found here——"

Peter broke off as firm footsteps in the corridor outside approached the door.

"Sounds like Mr. Pollitt," he murmured.

A key rattled in the latch and a man entered the office, stopping short in surprise at sight of its occupants. He was tall and gaunt, with a cross of sticking-plaster on his forehead.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What are you doing here?"

It was a very quiet and uneventful arrest. Shocked by the unexpectedness of it, Pollitt did not speak again. He seemed dazed. He failed to understand the interest shown in one of his rubber soles, though he must have realized the significance of Peter's close scrutiny of his penknife. Confronted with the revolver from his desk, he nodded dully, then quietly accompanied his captor downstairs.

When Jamieson returned, Peter was watching tiny bubbles form in the hinge of the penknife which he had just touched with a drop of reagent.

"Blood all right, Jimmy," he said. "Not properly cleaned."

"Then I've got him, Mr. Trevor. And I still don't quite know how I've managed it."

"Due to another brainwave Pollitt had. It wasn't a bad idea, either, though it did lead to his downfall. If he recovered the bullet which killed Kincaird he'd be doubly safe, because there'd then be nothing to connect his gun in any way with the murder.

"Soon after midnight, accordingly, he entered Kincaird's lounge again in search of the bullet. He hadn't noticed earlier on what happened to it. Who would? Now he made a rather troublesome discovery. Kincaird had been studying a document at the moment of his death—which supports your notion of the IOU. In a very natural position, his right elbow had been resting on the writing-table, his head against his right hand. Pollitt found that the bullet, after penetrating the head, had lodged in the hand."

Jamieson swore vigorously. "So that's it!"

"That's it, Jimmy. Really quite simple after all, eh? Merely to extract the bullet wouldn't do at all; the reason would be so obvious. So Pollitt decided to cut off the offending hand completely, to shift Kincaird's body to the open window to account for the missing bullet, and to destroy any evidence indicating that death had occurred elsewhere. He took the Hand of Glory with him. What he did with it, Heaven only knows. I'm pretty sure you'll never find it. But that doesn't matter much. With Slippy Bingham's evidence, I think what we've dug up will be enough to hang him."

"It certainly will, Mr. Trevor!" Jamieson grinned widely. "And next time I have a case like this, I'll know just how to handle it."

END

Portuguese Peep Show

(*Continued from page* 13)

arrival of the Pretender, Nicolas Franco, brother of the Dictator of Spain and Ambassador to Lisbon, held a Press conference in his Embassy and spoke friendly words. Moreover, Dictator Franco allowed numerous Spanish Monarchists to go to Portugal and await the arrival of the Pretender. The Princess who came with him was presented with bouquets tied up with the Spanish royal ribbons.

Look at that dark corpulent man now strolling in the gardens; that is Ambassador Nicolas Franco himself, but one might say: so near and yet so far. He has no meetings with the Pretender who has rented a lovely villa close to the Estoril Golf Course on the hill yonder. Don Juan lives in semi-regal state, but although his followers meet tea-time in the club house on the golf course and above the clink of china, canvas the chances of Don Juan, one feels instinctively that these chances are fading, fading.

But who is he who comes hither, sallow and stout with small darting eyes? Why, it is Señor Gil Robles. You remember him, of course? A Wily Bird this Gil Robles. He went to Berlin and heiled Hitler and was all set to be leader of the Spanish Fascists, as he had been leader of the Spanish Catholic Party. Then Francisco Franco stepped in and pushed Robles aside and sent him into exile. He chose Portugal, began to be the leader of the Spanish Monarchists and on the side went into the wolfram business during the war; offices in Lisbon, and did very nicely, thank you. Now the war is over and Gil Robles is adviser to Don Juan. Oh yes, a wily bird.

Here is a dark and dapper little man walking with a pretty wife and numerous offspring. She was a Princess of Orleans. Her husband is the Comte de Paris, the man who would be Henri Cinq of France. His chances? Nil, I would say, but he is most active in this king-making business. It was he who arranged for Don Juan to go to Portugal, and in the remainder of our story we shall see him popping in and out.

That very good-looking tall man over there looks like an Italian don't you think? Well, he is an Italian. He is ex-King Umberto of Italy. He is just killing time, strolling around, waiting until he should go to lunch at the villa he has just rented in Estoril. His mother-in-law the Dowager Queen of Belgium is staying with him. Mothers and mothers-in-law are making quite a habit of visiting their royal relatives in exile. Ex-Queen Ena of Spain has been visiting Don Juan as well as his deaf and dumb brother, Don Jaime.

I wonder what ex-King Umberto is thinking as he stares at the dark blue sea? His life is on a pretty even keel now, but he had a stormy passage. The ex-Queen Marie-José and their children arrived in the Tagus in an Italian battleship and were received in State by the Portuguese officials and the Italian officials, but the (*Continued on page* 56)

"There's no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"
W. M. Thackeray—"The Virginians"

THE
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES
MANUFACTURED BY W. D. & H. O WILLS

TT216GG

20 for 2/8

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

My word...

MERIDIAN!

Slumberwear · Underwear · Knitwear

J. B. LEWIS & SONS, LTD., Nottingham. *Est. 1815.* Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

---

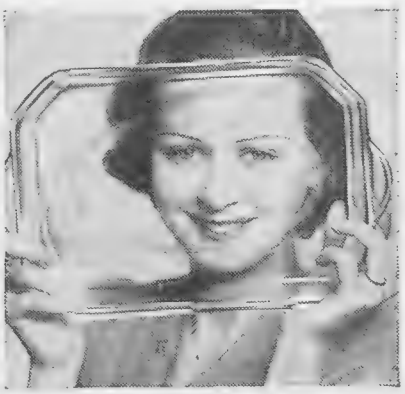
HELLO!
ANOTHER
magnesia smile

Charm owes a lot of its appeal to the gleam and sparkle of really clean, white teeth. Regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia is the secret of the charming 'magnesia smile.' It is the only dentifrice containing *'Milk of Magnesia,' which corrects acid mouth, so often the cause of dental decay. 1/3 and 2/2.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia Regd.

** 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

SEE?
. . *it's*
CLEAR



PHOENIX is the oven glass that is crystal clear. **PHOENIX** is the oven glass that polishes up clear and shining after each time of using. **PHOENIX** is the glass whose outstanding heat-resisting qualities and durability turned it into an important munition of war. **PHOENIX** is the oven glass that a modern housewife needs in her kitchen.

PHOENIX
REGD TRADE MARK

IS THE CLEAR OVEN GLASS

BRITISH HEAT RESISTING GLASS CO., BILSTON, STAFFS.

Exactly adjusted to Baby's needs

Baby's welfare and progress are perfectly safeguarded by the infinite care taken through every stage of manufacture of Allenburys Foods. Protein, fat, carbohydrate and mineral content are checked to ensure that every tin produced shall be in every way identical and completely reliable.

Allenburys FOODS

BABY BOOK. Every mother or mother-to-be should send for Book on Baby Care, enclosing 2½d. in stamps to Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.2.

F.2.M.

A Shining example of all that a polish should be

Duraglit Wadding Polish is a housewife's friend. The polish is in the wadding—just rub with the wadding and then polish with a clean cloth. It doesn't spill or spot, leaves no unsightly deposit in crevices, and is economical. For all metals, tiles, porcelain, cellulose, glass and many other uses.

Metal Polish 9d. and 1/3 per tin

Duraglit Ltd.
15 Lancaster Avenue
Manchester 4

dura-glit
WADDING POLISH

Portuguese seemed to think they had overstepped the mark, so when ex-King Umberto arrived by air a few days later, the Portuguese guard of honour came on the scene after he had already left the aerodrome.

The Italian Royal family had no money at all. They were lent a villa near Cintra which had not been inhabited for more than three years.

A Portuguese banker came to the succour of ex-King Umberto and his situation changed for the better.

Not more than a quarter of a mile away from where ex-King Umberto is staying, another Italian is living in somewhat straitened circumstances. It is beardless, plausible Dino Grandi, sometime Ambassador to London. He lives in part of a house belonging to an Englishwoman; his son has recently obtained a job in Brazil; his daughter gives English lessons in Lisbon. Grandi himself hopes to recoup his fortunes when his book is published in New York this year.

We have with us a very hush-hush Pretender, no other than that young man over there, talking to his brother-in-law the Comte de Paris. It is the Pretender to the Portuguese throne, Don Duarte Nunes, whose wife, Princess Maria of Orleans, is the sister of the Comtesse de Paris. Duarte is speaking French at the moment, with a guttural accent, which is even more pronounced when he tries to speak Portuguese. Duarte's mother, the second wife of Don Miguel II of Portugal, was Maria Theresa of Lowenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg, a Bavarian Princess. Duarte is known in Portuguese anti-Monarchist circles as "the Prussian." He is an un-glamorous young man who takes his job in life—of gaining the throne of Portugal—very seriously. His chances? I would give him Priority No. 1.

The time has come for me to present to you the last character in this interesting little story: Dr. Oliverira Salazar, Dictator of Portugal, for it is he who is directly and indirectly responsible for all these ex-kings and would-be kings walking about Portugal.

Portuguese Peep Show

This is how it is: Dr. Salazar is fifty-eight and has bad health; he has trouble with his heart and his eyes. The President of the Portuguese Republic, General Carmona, has already passed the allotted span of life. Who will—who can—replace the head of the Portuguese State? Professor Manuel Rodrigues, a man in the early fifties was in line for the post, but he died suddenly, eighteen months ago. It was then that Dr. Salazar began his flirtation with monarchies. Duarte Nunes and Don Juan and their wives had been living in Switzerland. The Comte de Paris was living in Spanish Morocco. The Comte de Paris, now about to go to Brazil on monarchist business was the under-cover contact man. Dr. Salazar invited ex-Queen Amelia of Portugal to visit him. She had a great reception and her visit was "played up" in the Portuguese press by orders of Dr. Salazar. Then Duarte Nunes was given permission to live "temporarily" in Portugal, an enormous concession. This coincided with a three-month permit to Don Juan, a permit since extended indefinitely. Except for the routine agreement that he will not participate in political activities, there are no restrictions placed on what ex-King Umberto does, but he is, I can vouch for this, in close touch with Italy.

Duarte Nunes is being slowly groomed. Dr. Salazar would agree to a restoration of the monarchy in Portugal—he has the 100 per cent backing of the Church—provided it can be brought about without an upheaval. Can this be done? Maybe, maybe not, but just as one wedding is said to lead to many, so a restoration of one monarchy may well lead to the restoration of others. If it does not, believe me, it will not be the fault of the active little Comte de Paris, who for his part is no nearer to the throne of France than a few chalked inscriptions on the walls of Paris: "*Vive le Roi!*" A cynically minded person might well reply: "Which?"

END

Diamond Days (*Continued from page* 16)

Fund. Hooley had reached the summit of his career, thanks to the bicycle. Everyone was crazy about cycling and each company that he floated turned to gold. The magic of private enterprise was intoned, and one "Hooley" leading article likened the financier to the silver lining after the dark cloud.

The modern young woman cycled in bloomers in Battersea Park and already a red-bearded Irishman of forty had presented her. When not cycling himself in his Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, Shaw was trying to get Ellen Terry away from Irving, in order that she should act in one of his unproduced plays. It was the heyday of the actor-manager, Hare, Alexander, Waller, Tree, Wyndham, the Bancrofts. The *Yeomen* and the *Geisha* held the town.

Bernhardt was at the Adelphi and a callow Agate, minus his Ego, was in Lancashire. The kinematograph flickered in Piccadilly but the queues were for the Moore and Burgess minstrels and Maskelyne's Hall of Mystery. Oliver Lodge lectured on telegraphy without wires, and a twenty-two years old Italo-Irishman named Marconi displayed a weird contraption in London. The first motor-car road races abroad thrilled the sportsmen, and the German Lilienthal was killed in an aeroplane that could have flown, had it had a proper engine.

W. G. Grace's beard monopolized the cigarette pictures, and Lockwood and Richardson skittled them out for Surrey. Oxford won the Boat Race for the eighth time running, and Mr. Gubbin's Galtee More came home in the Derby. Vardon, Taylor and Herd cornered the golf, and Diggle played Dawson endlessly at Thurston's, when one or the other wasn't playing Peall.

Diamond days! Pink'un days! Brash and florid, loud and liquory days! Oysters and Black Velvet at 11 a.m. A mere ten-shilling piece! What about a run over to Gay Paree for the week-end? Things were even cheaper over there at twenty-five francs to the pound. My! the things one could see up at the Moulin Rouge . . . and after. There was the reverse of an Entente. In fact, Britain and France were face to face on the Niger, prior to Fashoda. Still, what did things like that matter? The new toast of Paris, Mistinguette, was much more interesting, and Cléo de Merode and Liana de Pougy were not so dusty.

Paris of 1897. Deep in the Panama Scandal; Dreyfus temporarily forgotten on Devil's Island; and President Félix Faure visiting the Tsar by way of taking the wind out of the queenly sails across the Channel. Yet old Parisians must remember most the fire at the Charity Bazaar, which put into mourning every noble family in the land.

Back to Dover, and as easy as getting on a horse-bus. It was an open world of no passports, a wide-open, welcoming world that invited you to pleasure-cruise up the Amazon for £60, to sample the Ægean for £22, the Mediterranean for £18, and the Norwegian Fjords for £12. Emigrants had ships waiting for them, and the more adventurous headed for the young Rand and the new-born Klondike.

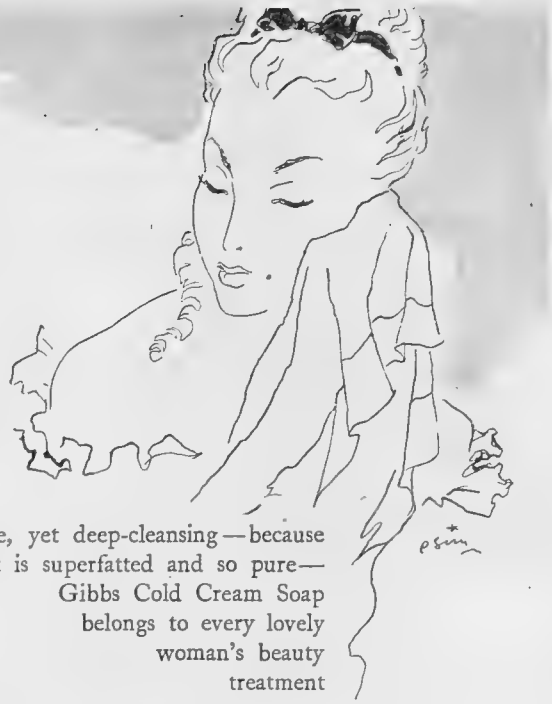
The *Fram* had returned after being given up for lost two years before, and Nansen was the hero of London, of Europe.

Northcliffe's new shocker, the *Daily Mail*, got that scoop. The sensational headline was making its bow. "William Terriss Murdered"; "Wreck of the *Drummond Castle*"; "Merstham Tunnel Mystery—Miss Camp's Handbag Found"; "Barney Barnato Lost Overboard"; "War Imminent—Kaiser Sees Tsar"; "Indian Horror"; "Cecil Rhodes Sensation."

By a real coincidence three countries that hold our interest to-day absorbed the leading article space fifty years ago. Greece, India, and South Africa.

Diamond days! (*Continued on page* 58)

Want my recipe for keeping on top of the world? It's this: guard inner health by taking—
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)



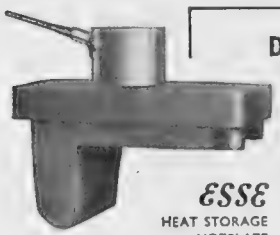
Gentle, yet deep-cleansing—because it is superfatted and so pure—Gibbs Cold Cream Soap belongs to every lovely woman's beauty treatment

Gibbs *Superfatted* COLD CREAM SOAP

The distinctive pre-war perfume is being restored

Ideal for Baby too!

GC= 35A-110-100

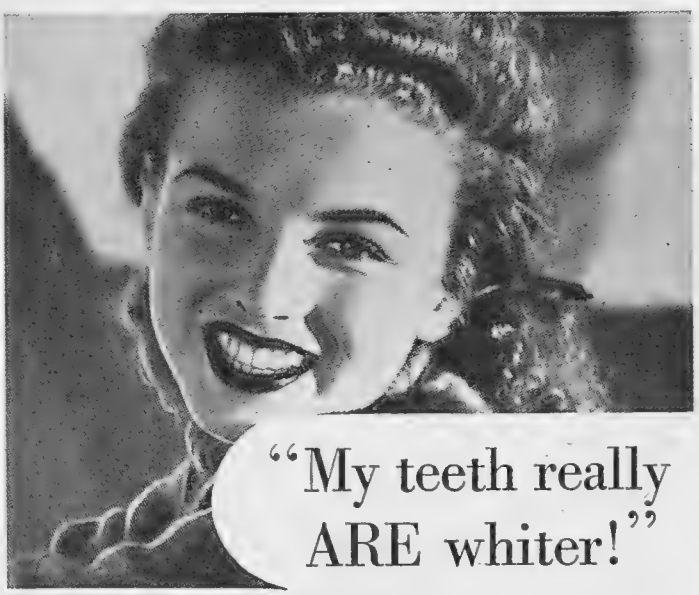


Do you know the meaning of HEAT STORAGE COOKING?

ESSE HEAT STORAGE HOTPLATE

The illustration shows the massive Esse Heat Storage Hotplate. The extended tongue, which is in actual contact with the small, continuously-burning fire directs a continual flow of heat into the Hotplate body. Thus a great reserve of heat is built up behind the thick cooker insulation. The surface of the Hotplate when not in use is insulated by movable bolsters. In this way, the Esse Heat Storage Cooker reduces fuel cost to a minimum and is ready for instant use 24 hours a day Fuel anthracite, Phurnacite or coke.

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY (Proprietors: SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., EST. 1854)
HEAD OFFICE & WORKS BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND.
LONDON SHOWROOMS & ADVISORY DEPT: 46 DAVIES ST. W.1.



"My teeth really ARE whiter!"

Your smile sparkles with a new whiteness, a new brilliance, after just a week of using Pepsodent — the toothpaste that contains Irium. *Exclusive to Pepsodent*, Irium is the most effective tooth-cleaning substance known to dental science. Its soft, gentle action emulsifies and washes clean away the dull stains and harmful film that cloud the natural lustre of your teeth. It leaves them polished, gleaming like pearls — whiter than you have seen them since you were a child! Use Pepsodent twice a day — see your dentist twice a year.

It's the Irium in Pepsodent toothpaste that gives you sparkling white teeth

PD 125-96-80

Lusty days! Robust and busty days with the female "figure" in full curve.

Days of violent contrast, in which "the classes" knew their places. "The poor" as part of the social edifice; the Great Houses receiving in town and country, and powdered flunkeys opening the doors of noble carriages whose glistening animals pawed the ground. The horse was on his last, glorious legs, and, casting their shadow before, were columns of advertisements offering bloodstock and broughams.

There were even more columns offering houses for sale or to let.

Good old days? Bad old days? What do you make of them? A bit lost here, and a bit gained there, I'd say. Same as with the Empire itself.

What wishful rot to go "burying" it when they come more surely than ever in the past, singing "Waltzing Matilda" and "Alouette" and that Springbok one that sounds like "Sari Maree" over the air; when Kenyas and Rhodesias beckon as insistently as any of their forerunners to a United Kingdom slightly sick-at-heart?

Yet, it is no use, either, denying the loss. Something else besides overseas investments has lapsed, something which, however smug and hypocritical, blatant and jingo, one side of it, was really rather full, free and jolly, young and thrilling on the other. Diamond days! Lest we forget them —now.

END

Quaint Customs Of Whitsuntide

(*Continued from page* 29)

as the people require in a forest enclosure of 1,000 acres, known as the "Hubnalls," and also including grazing rights. The land was granted by King John during one of his stays at the Norman castle opposite the church.

Bristol celebrates the day with Rush Sunday at her famous parish church, St. Mary Redcliffe. The floor of the building is strewn with green rushes and the Lord Mayor, in procession with the city's worthies, attends service in state. In 1493 provision was made by William Spencer for three sermons to be preached before the Mayor and Commonalty every year during Pentecost week, subsequently changed to one sermon on Whit-Sunday. Spencer was an executor of the second William Canynges, Redcliffe's greatest benefactor, and the greatest of the merchants of Bristol, then the second city in the kingdom. One curiosity to be noted: the sword bearer attending the Lord Mayor is one of the few members of the laity entitled to wear his hat in church; it is a cap dating to Plantagenet times.

There must be a record number of old customs observed on Whit-Monday, of which one is cheese-rolling down Cooper's Hill with a gradient of one in three, and setting the local lads and lasses chasing them. The ground is actually grazing common and the ceremony preserves ancient rights. Now a gala day spectators come from afar and the races are free. Police and nurses attend to look after minor casualties, mostly bruises. So at 6 p.m. the Master of Ceremonies, Tom Windo. appears at the top of the hill wearing his silk hat and old-fashioned smock, and on his signal, the competitors chase down in pursuit of the cheese now going full tilt to the bottom. A double Gloucester, protected by wood, it is known as a "Round Doughnut," and is the prize for the first to get it. The second home gets the sum of 4s., the third is 2s. Six races are held in all, one of them for the girls only. Occasionally the cheese will smash into bits or perhaps go out of reach into the next field. The custom was kept up during the war with a substitute wooden "cheese."

The annual pilgrimage to "Our Lady of Walsingham," in Norfolk, on Whit-Monday has a famous object in the old lock-up capped by a beacon light. To this village came Henry VIII, before the Dissolution, walking barefoot to the shrine and presenting a valuable necklace as an offering. Nearby is the little wayside "Slipper Chapel" where pilgrims originally took off their shoes for the last stage of the journey on foot. Dating from the fourteenth century, it was recently restored for Catholic worship.

Although not strictly a Whitsun custom Oak Apple Day held on May 29 makes it a special day for the lover of old ceremonies: It is the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II in 1660, so named by his hiding in an oak at Boscobel after the Battle of Worcester. After his exile he was acclaimed by royalists greeting him with an oak branch. At Chelsea Hospital for old and disabled soldiers, the old Pensioners hold a memorial service on this day to their founder.

In the Peak District, Castleton celebrates the day with "King Charles" on horseback bearing through the village a large garland. St. Neot, Cornwall, has a legacy for bell-ringers "to hoist the Royal Oak." Wishford, however, seems to celebrate Oak Apple Day for an entirely different reason, as I find no reference to King Charles mentioned. At daybreak in this pretty Wiltshire village in the Wylye Valley the folk collect branches of oak from Grovely Wood nearby, and decorate their houses with them. At noon the Oak Apple Club commence their festivities with a circuit of the village, followed by a fete. The story is told that one of the Earls of Pembroke once tried to stop the villagers their right to collect wood. "No man dare disobey." However, a woman, one Grace Reed, did and defied his lordship, proving the right belonged to the common people. In the modern day procession, the banner bearing the legend "GROVELY! GROVELY! GROVELY! AND ALL GROVELY! UNITY IS STRENGTH," comes first, next follow four women bearing on their heads bundles of firewood. Then a company of men with more huge boughs on their shoulders to be followed in turn by the children dressed in fancy costume. Past the bough-bedecked thatched cottages, past the thirteenth-century church they go, and so to a fair-ground for the rest of the day.

REECE WINSTONE

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page* 43)

faultless and glittering, but the manicure is of no avail if the fingers are knobbly. The condition is usually rheumatic and the best treatment is as follows: hold the little finger at the tip with the thumb and forefinger of your other hand, and pull gently but firmly in a straight line in order to separate the joint surfaces. Do this for two or three seconds, then take the next finger and continue in this way until all the fingers have been treated.

6. Sandpaper Knees Nylon stockings demand perfect legs, and rough red knees will not only catch the threads, but show up through the stockings. Sandpaper knees should be massaged every night with cold cream and treated to a little hand lotion.

7. Corrugated Heels The new high-heeled sandals are the essence of elegance, but they do certainly not flatter ugly heels. For cracked and corrugated heels you need zinc and castor oil ointment, which your chemist will make up for you. This should be rubbed into the heels every night for at least two weeks.

8. Humpy Toes Each little humpy toe should be treated to massage once a day and gently stretched by pulling and rotating with your fingers. One of the best exercises is to pick up a golf ball with your toes.

Here is the perfect jumper for your suit. The simple neckline allied to the distinctive yoke and sleeves make it ideal to wear both with and without a jacket. Made from four ounces of Munrospun "Fairytex" wool, it will use only two of your coupons. Ask for leaflet 3649 at any good wool shop.

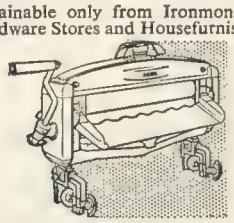
Munrospun

EXCLUSIVE HAND KNITTING WOOLS

"We're turning them out as hard as we can go" *they say at the* **ACME** *factory*

So if you haven't yet got your new Acme, Mrs. Jones—it's because of those six years that have to be made up—and because materials are still a bit of a headache. You know, steel and all the things we workers use to make the Acme the hundred per cent. grand wringer it is. What we're doing too is to see that every part of the country—from the largest town to the smallest village—gets a fair share. We people who make Acmes know just how good they are. So don't be put off with a second best—wait for an Acme!

Obtainable only from Ironmongers, Hardware Stores and Housefurnishers



ACME WRINGERS LTD.
DAVID STREET · GLASGOW S.E.

Fashioned for town

DOLCIS exclusive models styled by Van-Dal

"MISCHIEF"

"MISCHIEF"

dolcis

There is a Dolcis shoe store in every large town

"MISCHIEF"

"CELEBRITY"

Call to Perfection

CLEANSE . . . TONE . . . NOURISH

Here are the Elizabeth Arden Essentials, the basic elements of daily beauty routine, the very foundation of good grooming. They represent Cleansing, Toning, Nourishing with the incomparable Elizabeth Arden Preparations with which every woman can keep herself lovely, make herself prettier. If you have never used Elizabeth Arden Preparations, here is a thrilling experience for you. They will help to keep your skin fresh, clear and lovely. For pleasure in use—for delicious fragrance—these essentials are without parallel.

Elizabeth Arden

Life In Hollywood To-day

(*Continued from page 25*)

may have this much—and no more—spending money each week. Fred MacMurray, one of the richest actors in this part of the world, gets along gaily on a weekly allowance of thirty-five dollars. The Business Manager picks out three restaurants—probably Romanoffs, Chasens, and the Beverly Hills Brown Derby—at which his stars have what America calls "charge accounts." The star signs the bill, writes how much more is to be added to it for tips, and walks out without having parted with one cent of his thirty-five or fifty dollars spending money. At the end of the month the bills go to his Business Manager, and are paid.

The same thing applies to florists' bills, which are a really considerable item where the stars live. The Business Manager picks out a florist, and when the star wants to send flowers to somebody he calls up the florist himself (his name being on a list) or talks to the Business Manager's secretary, saying—"Look, honey, get on to that florist for me, and ask them to send six dozen roses to Miss Bloggins—okay, hon?" Again, the bills come in at the end of the month, and are paid, without the star being bothered about a thing. And the Business Manager takes a nice little percentage on every bill, from the restaurants, shops, theatres, and other people concerned.

The whole idea is based on the fact that very few film people are good business men and women. They are suddenly in possession of vast sums of money; they lose their heads—and wham! Bang goes all the dough, with nothing to show for it. Along comes the Business Manager, takes over the whole thing; attends to income tax, has a legal adviser on the premises, argues with landlords and other unpleasant people—and all for 3½ per cent per week. Moreover, the Business Manager invests money for his clients. One of the most brilliant men in this line of business is Bo Roos, an American of Swedish descent. His list of clients includes Joan Crawford, Red Skelton, John Wayne, Fred MacMurray, Frank Borzage, Marlene Dietrich, Rita Hayworth, Pat Knowles, Peter Lawford, Lloyd Nolan, Jean Gabin, to name only a few.

When Joan Crawford first became a Bo Roos's client, within three weeks he had bought for her one of the most luxurious apartment buildings in Beverly Hills, the Grosvenor Apartments. The man who sold it was Ronald Colman. Miss Crawford told me that she was staggered to find herself so much better off, inside a few weeks, not only through the "income property" represented by the Grosvenor Apartments, but also by the money that was being saved for her, forcibly, by the Roos organization. It is known officially as the Beverly Management Corporation.

Just to prove that Hollywood makes its money, nowadays, in other ways than by merely talking in front of a microphone, several stars are successful shopkeepers, and Louis Hayward, once the husband of Ida Lupino, has gone into the restaurant business, in a roundabout way. He bought land on the popular Sunset Strip, where all the smartest restaurants cluster; built a big restaurant, and now rents it to people who know as much about running restaurants as he does about screen and stage acting—which is plenty. So his investment is now paying off handsomely.

All this I have written, to indicate that the stars are becoming business men and women, either indirectly, through their Business Managers, or directly, through their own initiative.

END

Very Important Person

(*Continued from page 48*)

prankish child should remember that imposing too high a standard of behaviour can result in an excess of guilt when the child falls short of their standards. Another inevitable consequence of too much spotlight. These are problems to bear in mind and act upon, not, by any means, to despair of.

The "awful child" who is so frequently described as the typical "only one"; the spoilt, peevish, grizzling, tempestuous darling, abhorred by everyone but his misguided parents is an object of pity and an example of neglect, however unintentional. Parents must face up to the truth that their darling is precious only to *themselves* and the world judges him by its own standards.

Few things call for a greater measure of intelligent self-analysis than the task of seeing one's own dearly loved child as others see him. I suggest to all parents of an only child that the most profitable approach is that through which they weigh the effect of the world's impact upon the child with less concern than with the impact of the *child* upon the world. This is the acid test. If he gets on well with others, if he enjoys the company of his fellows, and is accepted by them, it is a safe assumption that as parents they are doing a good job.

END

She Lit The Amber Candles

(*Continued from page 28*)

wanted, because she had Gordon. Silly little Nell who had always been kind to Amber, kinder than all the other cat-women in her life put together. She was *so* silly that it had simply never occurred to her that taking a girl like Amber into the house was like putting a spark to gunpowder.

No. She couldn't do it. It was no good. You can challenge the damnable sort of wife who sees a potential "blonde" in every girl at whom her husband glances, but you can't hurt a child.

Amber got off the bed miserably, and went to the telephone. "Is that you, Dr. James? Amber Hill speaking."

"Hello Amber?" His voice was cold with the coldness of ice.

"I just rang to . . . to give you my notice, Dr. James. I think . . . I won't come to-morrow."

"I think . . . maybe you're right." His voice was toneless, even. Her heart ached as though it would break in her breast. "It's going to be a bit awkward, though. About work, I mean."

"I've a friend who could come, at once. She's just left Sir John Fletcher, you know, he's retiring. You'd find her very capable." Some tiny flicker of bitter mirth made her add "and perfectly safe."

If he smiled to himself, the telephone kept that secret. "Thank you, that's very good of you. Shall I ring her, or will you?"

"I'll ring her, and tell her to go along to you to-morrow morning."

"Er . . . what shall I tell . . . my wife?"

"I don't know," said Amber helplessly. "Say . . . say I'm going to be married. I probably shall. I don't want to work for anyone but . . . *you*."

Her voice broke on the last word, and she hung up abruptly.

HOW the next two or three months passed, Amber never knew. She found another job, that was easy (*Continued on page 62*)

"Only the best is good enough for your eyes"

That is why we would not make a second-rate lotion during the war. That is why Optrex has been so scarce. But better supplies of the essential materials are now coming through, and so there is more Optrex about. Optrex Eye Compresses, too, are now available. Ask for them at your chemists.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

OPTREX LIMITED, PERIVALE, MIDDLESEX

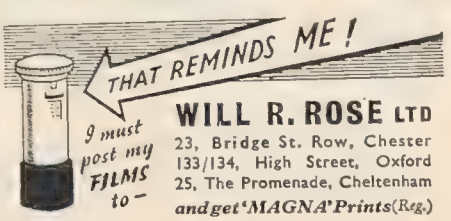
KERFOOTS
MEDICINAL
PASTILLES

based on the skill and experience of three generations

KERFOOT

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire

P4



WILL R. ROSE LTD
23, Bridge St. Row, Chester
133/134, High Street, Oxford
25, The Promenade, Cheltenham
and get 'MAGNA' Prints (Reg.)

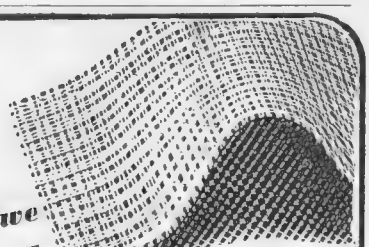
Brian is *always* lively-

His energy and spirits are amazing. Simply bubbling over with life. Keeps you "on the go."

But you would rather have him that way than peevish, cross and poorly! Mother certainly knows best when she gives an ailing child 'California Syrup of Figs.' When bilious, sick or constipated, this natural laxative quickly corrects upsets of the system, and the little one is soon "as right as ninepence."

"California Syrup of Figs"

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit



When we invented AERTEX ... we couldn't foresee a world shortage of materials: we found that to make the unique cellular fabric that proved warm in winter and cool in summer, involved a highly complicated spinning process. So much so indeed that until restrictions are lifted—soon we hope—the real Aertex must remain in short supply.

CELLULAR CLOTHING CO LTD LONDON W1

enough. She knew it was no good trying to marry any other man. She loved Gordon. She had loved him for ever so long, although she hadn't realized it until the night Nell had wished on the amber candles. And he?

Nell made many attempts to see her, to ring her, to write. Amber parried them all. It was the hardest part of the whole business, seeming so unfriendly to that well-meaning little creature, in her ignorance and her simplicity. As if she could ever have hoped to keep a man like that! Amber could see now, as she thought over the time she had spent with them, how Gordon had always been consciously controlling himself when he was with Nell. How she must have bored him. Yet he had never let her see it. A good husband. "I wish that Amber may find a good husband."

She had never lit the candles nor wished her wish. There was only one thing she could wish, and one just couldn't do that.

So the months passed, and her acquaintances said Amber was becoming "stuffy." She didn't run around with them as she used to, and she seemed to find the crowd boring. She longed more and more for a home, and a fireside with two armchairs before it.

There came a night when courage seemed to have failed her. She could only, as she dragged herself upstairs to her little flat, remember something she had read, long ago, she couldn't remember where, nor by whom written.

"Courage is keeping on, when there seems to be nothing to keep on for."

One must keep on. He was doing that. Or, had he completely forgotten and got over it by now? Had it just been a passing passion? Men are so different. They can drop an iron curtain over love. Women can't.

She paced the room, her face pale, her eyes feverishly bright. At last she turned to the drawer into which she had thrust the amber candles, months ago.

"I could wish *that*, anyway," she whispered.

The mere thought of doing something, childish as it seemed, roused her.

"I shall do it with ceremony," she said, smiling to herself as she had not smiled for long, long weeks. "I'll put them in the silver candlesticks mummy left me, and I'll put on my black lace frock, and then I shall light them, and wish."

The table was ready. She had laid her simple supper upon it, and put out her best lace-edged cloth. The candles, tall and amber and beautiful, stood in the silver candlesticks, waiting to leap into living flame. Amber had combed and brushed her glowing curls until they shone, and was wearing her

She Lit The Amber Candles

favourite black evening frock, a wide-skirted crinoline, made off the shoulders. Her neck and arms and bosom gleamed like ivory, as she came back into the darkened room where the table stood, for she was not going to have any other illumination except the candle-shine, when she made her wish.

Then she took a taper, lit it, and advanced to the table, touching each candle with it in turn.

"I wish . . . I ask . . . to be comforted," she said softly. "*That* can hurt no one."

She stood quiet after she had wished, trembling softly.

Then a knock came to the door.

Amber went to it, and there, just as she had known and foreseen, was Gordon James.

"May I come in?" he asked in a low voice. There was a curious gravity about him, the softened gravity of a man who has battled through difficult places.

"Come," said Amber.

His glance took in the whole scene, and her frock. "You were expecting someone?"

"No. Nobody . . . unless it were you."

He walked to the fireplace, hesitated, then spoke. "I shouldn't be here," he said, "but I wanted to tell you, because I know you were fond of her. Poor little thing, who could help being that?"

"Her?" whispered Amber. There was that in his manner, that held her very still.

"Nell," he said. "She died of bronchial pneumonia, last night. She wasn't ill long. She . . . I think she was happy, right to the end. I oughtn't to be here, but I wanted you to know, and I—*I* wanted to know, myself."

"To know what?" asked Amber, still in a whisper, her hands crossed on her breast, her eyes wet.

"That I hadn't dreamed it, that look I saw in your eyes. Listen Amber. I'm going away again now. This isn't the time . . . I came to your door, and your window was dark. I said to myself, she's probably gone away from here long ago—she's probably married. I was just going, when a most lovely soft light shone on me from the window. I took it as a sort of omen, and rang the front door bell, and then came straight up. I'm going now, Amber. It was just that look in your eyes that I wanted to see."

"Come back," said Amber very softly. "Come back when you think it right to come. That same look will be in my eyes always . . . always."

So, without kiss, without touch of the hands, they parted.

END

The Intrigue At Lower Millham

(*Continued from page 32*)

"Don't bother to explain," he said in the same quiet, pleasant voice. "And you will receive your money, don't worry about that. But first there is a little task we will ask you to do for us."

"Anything at all," Walter promised eagerly. Anything was better than what they had been expecting.

They waited to hear what the task was, but the two foreigners were stubbornly silent.

Two miles out of the village, Serge turned the limousine around and started back the way they had come. Although it was dark now, he did not switch on the lights.

"We were much interested in your letter," Karl remarked. "Such things as you describe must be destroyed."

Walter began hurriedly to explain, "But we made all that. . . ."

Karl paid him no attention.

"In the luggage compartment of this automobile there is a valise," he said. "We will stop just beyond the waterworks. One of you will take the valise from the compartment and carry it to the building and leave it inside. It is not necessary to position it with unusual care. It is a very powerful valise." He chuckled. "The other one will remain here with us—just for company, shall we say? Then, when the first one returns, you will both be paid and allowed to go." He was watching them in the darkness. "You will find that our payment is generous. Nor, I think, will you be inclined to speak of this afterwards. It is one of you, after all, who will have placed the valise."

There was silence inside the limousine for several seconds.

Then Walter asked hoarsely, "You're going to blow up the waterworks?"

They could not see Karl smiling, because it was dark, but they could sense his smile as he replied, "No, *you* are going to blow up the waterworks."

"Joe sleeps there," George blurted out.

"He *sleeps* there? So much the better. You will then not have to be so cautious."

A darker blur against the night sky to the right of the road was the big brick building within the wire fence, the wire fence whose gate was never locked. Serge drove on fifty yards and then drew over to the side of the road and stopped.

Karl turned around. His voice was not soft and pleasant now, but harsh and urgent.

"You understand? Which one of you will go?" He pointed in the darkness. "You."

It was Walter he was pointing at.

Serge snarled. "Hurry! Be quick!"

No one moved. (*Continued on page 64*)

Supple rayons and crisp cottons, flower strewn and checkered, cool and sparkling with colour—or plain and fresh as a daisy; lightweight woollens that brightly defy cool breezes . . . . in the Marshall Summer range there are fabrics to face every vagary of an English Summer. But supplies are still, very limited.

Marshall summer fabrics

Fashion rayons, dyed and woven, dress suiting and coating woollens, woven cottons

(P) 42

★ "Moosedale" Calf—in Hazel, Green, Scarlet, Blue. Enquire by name. In most good shoe shops.

Britain's Finest Brassiere

KESTOS

Wholesale only: KESTOS LTD., Maddox House, Regent Street, London, W.1

She shall have beauty wherever she goes . . .

C·N·P

English Rose Lipsticks

C.N.P. English Rose Lipsticks are now available in this new pink and dove-grey, all metal, streamlined holder. Four lovely modern shades.

8/4 INC. P. TAX

By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD., READING, ENGLAND

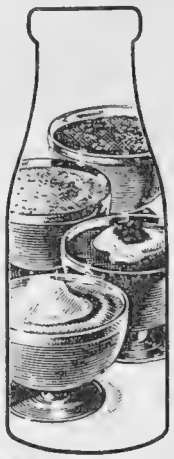
Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

MAKE MILK A TREAT

Little Miss Muffet Junket transforms milk into a lovely-to-look-at and delicious-to-eat milk sweet. Four lovely fruit flavours. Children and invalids who tire of plain milk and milk puddings, eat and enjoy Little Miss Muffet Junket—and digest it easily. Being made from liquid rennet, you get the full value of the rennet enzyme, which pre-digests the heavy milk curd. Made in a minute, set in ten, ready to eat.



Little MISS MUFFET JUNKETS

Still only 7½d. for 3 pint-size Junkets.

Four Fruit Flavours:
RASPBERRY · ORANGE · LEMON · VANILLA

Sole Distributors: Lewis A. May (Little Miss Muffet) Ltd., Copthall House, London, E.C.2. (14)

REPAIRS

Ewbank

CARPET SWEEPER for repair through your retailer if he cannot supply a new one yet. Supplies of new Ewbanks are still limited.

SM6

SOFT . . .
SOFTER . . .
HYGIENIC
ECONOMICAL

SOFTEX

Inter-leaved

TOILET TISSUE

Extra thin, pure strong quality

Softex Toilet ROLLS also available

A SWAN MILL PRODUCT, LONDON, W.1.

Sounds came from Walter's throat, but no words. Then Karl's hand appeared in silhouette against the windscreen. Something metallic gleamed in it.

"You will go," he commanded, "now!"

Walter said quaveringly, "I'm going," and fumbled with the door handle. He found it and almost fell headlong into the ditch. He scrambled to his feet and hurried around to the rear of the limousine.

George sat with his fists so tightly clenched that the knuckles ached. He heard the luggage compartment being opened and then closed. He heard Walter's footsteps gradually receding and then the sound of the gate swinging.

Karl, watching from the front seat, grunted.

"All goes well. He is at the door. He does his job. Now he is coming back."

Again the gate creaked and there were footsteps and then Walter was beside them, breathing heavily and again fumbling with the door handle.

"You put it there?" Karl demanded.

Walter nodded.

"No one saw you?"

Walter shook his head. He started to climb into the limousine.

Karl waved the revolver. "Stay outside." He turned to George. "You, too. Out. Hurry!"

Frightened, George got out beside Walter.

The big limousine began to move. It picked up speed for a moment, then swung around on shrieking tyres and sped past in the opposite direction.

It was a little while before they realized just what had happened.

Walter said, "They've gone."

"With our money! They cheated us!" George remembered something even more important. "Joe! He'll be killed. We've got to warn him."

He caught Walter's sleeve and tried to drag him towards the waterworks. Walter hung back.

"What's the matter? Is it likely to go off?"

The Intrigue At Lower Millham

Walter said, "I don't know. But it's still in the luggage compartment. I didn't take it out."

George stared at him.

"You mean you left the valise there?"

Walter nodded; and then he began to laugh.

"Wait until they find out," George said, shaking uncontrollably. "Just wait!"

They laughed themselves out and then because there wasn't anything else to do they walked up the road toward the village. They came to the park and headed straight for their old bench, the comfortable one.

When they sat down they were still chuckling happily at the recollection of how they had out-manoeuvred Karl and Serge. They weren't even worrying over the money which now they would never receive.

A figure emerged from the shadows.

"I thought I'd find you two here. Now go on, get out, before I turn you in."

Neither of them moved.

"We're doing nothing wrong," he said. "We'll stay here."

Things were different now.

Constable Jackson was obviously startled by this reversal of form. Before he could think of an effective reply, the sky away off to the east was blindingly illuminated, and shortly afterwards there was a roar which shook the village.

Into the ensuing silence, Walter said, "You'd best go and find out what that was, instead of standing here bothering substantial citizens."

The constable hesitated briefly. He glanced over his shoulder. The sky was beginning to fill now with the flickering reflection of flames. Reluctantly, he turned and ran up the road.

Walter sighed deeply. He looked at George.

"He doesn't know how substantial," Walter said.

END

Unsolved Mysteries Of The Occult

(*Continued from page 42*)

Empress might cancel the girl's pension, accused Mesmer as a trickster and succeeded in removing the girl from his influence. Maria Theresa in the care of her father became completely blind. At twenty years of age she was able to play the piano, when Dr. Mesmer suddenly reappeared in her life. He could not cure her of her blindness any more; but his influence over her was so strong still, that whenever he was present while Maria played the piano, her playing was so masterful, that her fame soon conquered the salons of Austrian high society.

While Mesmer's powers, according to his own claims, were based on the animal currents in the human body, the case of the fourteen-year-old girl, Angelique Cottin from Bouvigny in France has not the slightest scientific basis or even a logical explanation. Angelique achieved fame as the "electric girl," when during a thunderstorm in 1846 a thread which she held in her hand, caught fire suddenly and burnt to ashes. Her family, shocked by the suddenly appearing flame, rushed to help the girl, but when they touched her they received immediately a strong, stunning electric shock. The girl, a healthy robust youngster, was examined by doctors and scientists. Nothing out of the way was discovered. Angelique did not react to any of the experiments made, nor did the doctors receive electric shocks when they touched her. The very moment, however, that the thermometer rose, and the air became damp and hot as before a thunderstorm, the phenomenon of the electric conducting returned.

Ten years before the "electric girl," in the year 1839, a veterinary surgeon by the name of Pigaire in Montpellier saw a performance of a magnetiseur.

To show his wife what magnetic power could do he called in his eleven-year-old daughter Leonide and with a few caressing strokes over the face he demonstrated a magnetic seance. To the surprise of the parents Leonide immediately fell into a hypnotic sleep. She remained in this sleep for years, only awaking occasionally to normal life, not remembering where she was and what she had done. In her hypnotic sleep the girl was able to predict things which would happen hours, days, months later. Blindfolded she called the value of playing cards used in the next room. In the end she predicted her own death to the day, two years in advance.

The phenomenon of a poltergeist made its appearance in the house of a miller by the name of Dolleans in Guillonville in France. Attracted by the powers of a thirteen-year-old girl, Adolphine Benoit, things began to happen. Doors of the mill opened suddenly, keys disappeared from pegs on the wall, guns went off by themselves and one evening when Adolphine was just about to put the miller's little daughter to bed, the entire furniture of the kitchen collapsed, and pots and pans, knives and forks, lids and spoons flew around the house. The newspapers declared that the girl was a swindler but the journalists were mystified when they themselves, invited by the frightened miller's family, experienced a most stormy poltergeist night.

One of the most curious phenomena of mysterious occultism was the speciality of Antonio Ricard, also a Frenchman, who used to push the clouds around the heavens, until they "banged" into each other and thus produced rain. He lived in 1856. He advertised that his magnetic power was so strong that, with the simple movement of his hands, he could move clouds at will. Several times and for the benefit of sceptical doubters he produced heavy rainstorms on hot summer days. He was invited to the United States to perform his cloud-pushing art, and while in Chicago, was accused of faking his experiment. However a trial made before the court of justice succeeded completely and Ricard was acquitted.

J. J. LYNX

Two lovely smiles!
BUT–

HOWEVER lovely your teeth may look you can lose the lot through bad gums. Take precautions; see your dentist regularly, and use S.R. Toothpaste—the sodium ricinoleate in S.R. strengthens gums to resist disease germs. And S.R. keeps your teeth gleaming white.

. . . MISS **WISE**
safeguards hers by keeping gums healthy too!

Gibbs **S.R.**
TOOTHPASTE
1/4 *incl. tax*

GR 147-96-65 D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

Dress fabrics
by
WEMCO REGD.
include TRICOLINE REGD.
the equal to silk
WHITWORTH & MITCHELL LTD · MANCHESTER

In the right place

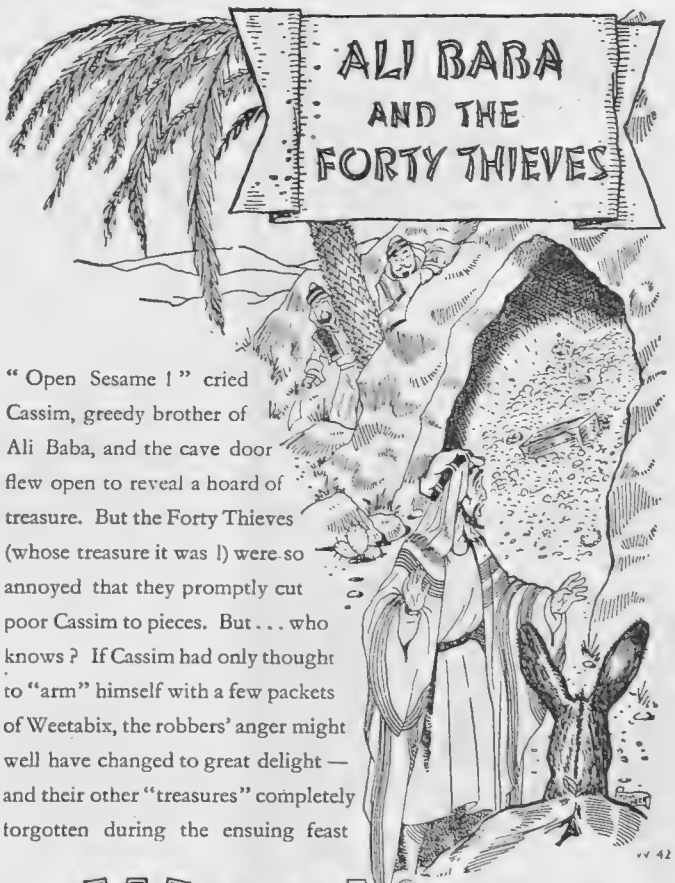
How glad you'll be—when the need arises—that you have made sure that your Medicine Cabinet always contains a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia'.★

Everyone in the family will know where to turn for quick relief from digestive upsets. More important, it is immediately available, in the home, should the doctor order it.

'Milk of Magnesia'
Regd. Trade Mark ★

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

FAIRY TALES "CEREALISED" BY WEETABIX



"Open Sesame!" cried Cassim, greedy brother of Ali Baba, and the cave door flew open to reveal a hoard of treasure. But the Forty Thieves (whose treasure it was!) were so annoyed that they promptly cut poor Cassim to pieces. But . . . who knows? If Cassim had only thought to "arm" himself with a few packets of Weetabix, the robbers' anger might well have changed to great delight—and their other "treasures" completely forgotten during the ensuing feast

Weetabix
MORE than a Breakfast Food

Prices: 8d. (4 points). Large size 1/2d. (8 points). Sold everywhere. Supplies limited.
WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS.

This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO., LTD.
Wine and Spirit Merchants to H.M. the King.

NEWMAID
Self-generating
VACUUM CLEANER
Present deliveries must of necessity be restricted, but if you are determined to buy only the most efficient of self-generating vacuum cleaners the NEWMAID is well worth waiting for.
BURRAGE & BOYDE, Ltd.
Newmaid Works
NORTHAMPTON
FROM RETAIL SHOPS ONLY

Rainbow Sweater

(*Continued from page 44*)

remain. Continue without further shaping until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 42 sts., cast off 6 sts., work 42 sts. Work on the last set of 42 sts. for 2 ins., at the same time decreasing by cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end row. Return to the first set of 42 sts. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the last set of 42 sts.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until after armhole shaping (90 sts.). Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 45 sts. (place the remaining 45 sts. on a spare needle). Continue until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Continue for 1 in., at the same time decreasing 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the 45 remaining sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the centre back and work to correspond with the 1st set of 45 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 74 sts. with main colour wool. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles stripes and pattern. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 88 sts. and sleeve measures 6 inches from the cast on edge. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 60 sts., then 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and main colour wool, cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew in all edges of wool. Sew up shoulder side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neck band. With a No. 12 crochet hook, work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of back opening. Work bottom loops on the right-hand side of back opening. Press all seams, sew on buttons on left-hand side of back opening.

Bolero In Blue

(*Continued from page 44*)

Repeat the last 4 rows until 62 sts. on needle. Continue without further shaping until 6½ ins. from the cast on edge (ending at the armhole end).

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 47 sts.

Now dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next FRONT edge row and every 4th row following until 31 sts. remain, and armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Cast off the remaining 9 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front, with shaping at the opposite edgings.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 69 sts. Work 1 in. moss stitch. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 6th row until 83 sts. on needle. Continue without further shaping until sleeve measures 5 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 31 sts. remain. Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

EDGINGS

All on No. 13 needles.

Cast on 8 sts.

1st row.—S. 1, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, k. 1.

2nd row.—S. 1, k. 1, p. 4, k. 2.

Repeat these 2 rows once.

5th row.—S. 1, p. 1. Cable 4 (slip 2 sts. on spare needle and place at the back of work, k. 2, k. 2 sts. from spare needle), p. 1, k. 1.

6th row.—As 2nd row.

These 6 rows form pattern.

Work sufficient to go all round bolero.

Work sufficient to go round the lower edge of each sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the shoulder sleeve and side seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the cable edge starting at the side seams SLIGHTLY stretching the cable edge to the main edges of bolero. Sew cable edges to sleeve edges. Press all seams and edgings in the wrong side with a damp cloth and warm iron.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. = stitch; sts. = stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; beg. = beginning; tog. = together; s. = slip.

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

precision that one doubts if he has ever given a thought to Victoria, except as a terminus for the coming and going of secret agents on Continental missions. **"Dark Interlude"** (Collins, 8s. 6d.) deals with the tracking down of post-war Nazi plotters in France, personified by the elusive Rozanski. When I say that the women in the sinister set-up are named Tanga and Eulalia you will know that they are *chicly* Cheynesque. The thrills and drama are so filmic that any producer on the outlook for stories who misses this one doesn't know his luck.

WHAT a quickfire change, to be whisked from this to England in King Athelstan's reign and the dark, piratical deeds of the Vikings! Mr. Edward Frankland, an authority on the period, makes a stirring historical yarn of the interplay of Norseman and Celt, Roman and Christian, in **"The Half Brothers"** (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.). A popular pastime of the day was a "burning-in"—firing a house with the occupants trapped inside it.

IMAGINE yourself a staid man of fifty, settling with your family on a West Indies island, sailing out one day to a turquoise bay and finding there a lovely manatee mermaid with body silver white, tail of sapphire and emerald, hair of palest gold. Imagine, further, taking the wee darling home, dumping her in your wife's bath-tub, and the wife angrily demanding: "Just why is that woman there?" If you would know how mermaids called Min can complicate a simple man's life, read **"Peabody's Mermaid"** (Michael Joseph, 8s 6d.) by Guy and Constance Jones. True, Arthur got only half a fish, but the rest was better than one. . . .

A SENTIMENTAL interest of mine is in sturdy pioneers who go into waste places and make good. A Michigan farmer does that by migrating to tough Alaska in Wessel Smitter's **"Another Morning"** (Chapman & Hall, 9s. 6d.). He has to fight cutworms and the human sort who haven't the sense to see the blessings of co-operative marketing, but there are compensations. As the local doc. says: "People count here. Being a man or a woman—just that fact, gives you a certain importance." A sound, natural story with its roots in icy earth.

CHINA, which seems to be getting a good novel press, is the background of Miss Lettie Rogers's **"South Of Heaven"**

(Collins, 8s. 6d.) which tells of a U.S. missionary's daughter who falls in love with half-Chinese Christy Blair and is racked by conflicting loyalties. Chris, who meant to be a doctor, "wondered if for the rest of his life he would see people's functioning or malfunctioning organs instead of people. . . . Imagine dancing with some lovely *femme* at the club and thinking—slight lordosis, hypermetropic ocular perception." But luckily his interest in Judy Ward is more than clinical, and he proves himself a hero when her family gets caught up in a revolution. A vivid close-up of Chinese life with a hell-let-loose climax.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of the readers :—

NOVELS

"Death Makes a Prophet," by John Bide (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) ; **"Dust on the Lathes,"** by Boswell Taylor (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.) ; **"The House of Snow,"** by Vera Evans (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) ; **"South of Forty-Five,"** by W. Townend (Rich & Cowan, 10s. 6d.) ; **"Death's Old Sweet Song,"** by Jonathan Stagge (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) ; **"You Only Hang Once,"** by H. W. Roden (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.) ; **"The Mystery at Orchard House,"** by Joan Coggin (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.) ; **"Quoth the Raven,"** by Hazel Adair (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) ; **"Final Curtain,"** by Ngaio Marsh (Collins, 8s. 6d.) ; **"Goodbye Gorgeous,"** by Keith Campbell (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) ; **"The House in Gowderdale,"** by Theo Lang (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) ; **"None So Blind,"** by Mitchell Wilson (W. H. Allen, 7s. 6d.) ; **"Russian Symphony,"** by Guy Adams (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) ; **"The Peacock's Feather,"** by Sidney Esmond (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) ; **"A Girl in Winter,"** by Philip Larkin (Faber & Faber: 8s. 6d.) ; **"Domestic Symphony,"** by Lillian Day (Temple, 6s.) ; **"He Lives Amid Clouds,"** by Joan Morgan (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.) ; **"Portrait of a Man,"** by Lorna Deane (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) ; **"Again This Rapture,"** by Barbara Cartland (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) ; **"The Lonely Hills,"** by Simon Dare (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) ; **"The Ghost and Mrs. Muir,"** by R. A. Dick (Harrap, 7s. 6d.) ; **"A Pin's Fee,"** by Peter de Polnay (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) ; **"Stormy Passage,"** by Jane England (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.).

END

The Perfect Present

(*Continued from page* 19)

and green, "we none of us *like* growing old. I sometimes think, you know, that most women of our age and in our position are engaged in an eternal struggle to be important. The struggle never comes to an end, because —*are* we important?"

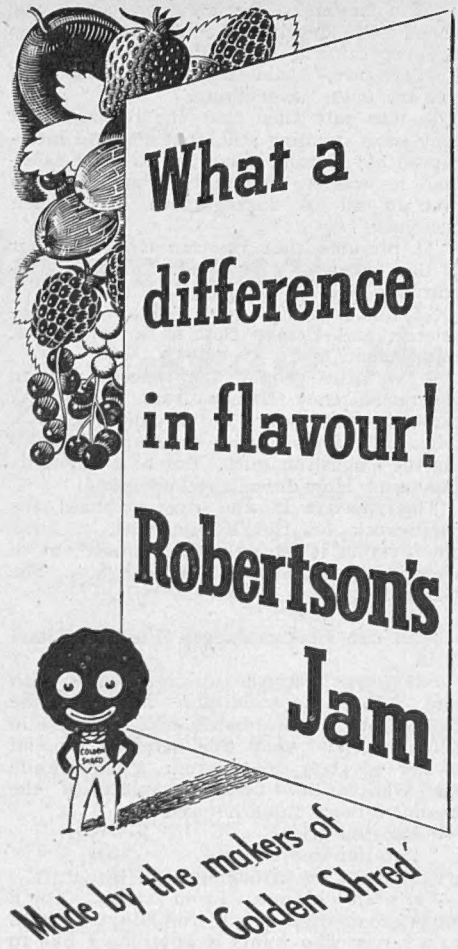
"Oh, yes," Lady Milling retorted, spurred to defence, "of course we are! To our husbands and children and friends; and that's all that matters."

"Well, yes," Mrs. Travers said reflectively. "But don't you think that the career, the profession, the business, on the one hand; and that admirable institution, the boarding school, on the other hand, don't you think they conspire against us? As to one's friends —don't even you find sometimes, Susan, that in their sheer weight of numbers they can be rather a burden?"

"My dear," Lady Milling said with a laugh; "what a depressing outlook! Well, we certainly can't alter our age, but we might be able to change our function in life; what do you suggest?"

"You have the feeling," said Mrs. Travers, "that life eludes you; we are all familiar with it. With an affectionate husband and two adorable children, with every luxury that money can buy, prestige, health, and security, good looks and a charming mind—with all the things that *you* have, Susan, I should tell yourself quite firmly not to be a little fool."

So a few minutes later Lady Milling again found herself in the street, this time driving through the declining afternoon towards the



JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LTD.
Paisley · Manchester · Bristol · London.

The Food for GENERAL FITNESS!

● The happy years of childhood make big demands on Nature's reserves of strength. WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT contains nourishing elements which are vital to old and young alike. Needs no cooking. 8d. per pkt. (6 points).

WELGAR
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SHREDDED WHEAT

Made by the Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.
WELwyn GARden City, Hertfordshire

SENSITIVE SKIN needs

Every wash with Cuticura is a tonic beauty treatment. The medicated lather cleans, refreshes and beautifies.

Cuticura
THE MILDLY MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

284

bazaar. She had decided upon a visit to the curio shop of Mohamed Zaman, a Moslem gentleman from the west with excellent taste and substantial capital. So they travelled down a less elegant street now, the green sward and pleasant, shady trees of the Maidan behind them, past cheap Chinese shoe shops, shops selling Indian products: cotton goods, brass ware, toilet articles, Hindustani gramophone records, a thousand things foreign to the European, into a world thronged by absorbed, self-complete men and boys in *dhotis*; into India.

Then they turned into a quieter street, and a minute later Lady Milling called to her taxi to stop. She surveyed the premises of Mr. Mohamed Zaman, and her heart fell: the door was shut, the whole place had an air of desolation. Nevertheless, she opened her window on to the sultriness and the rather sickly odour of the street, and then alighted to investigate.

The premises of Mohamed Zaman were closed.

She turned away, stood on the pavement pondering, and then noticed the window of a shop a little lower down the street, and was attracted by it: a few shawls, pieces of ivory, porcelain—the usual sort of thing, and yet, from this distance, possessing an impelling distinction, quite unexpected here. With a sudden desire to walk and to explore, she paid off her taxi, crossed the road, approached the shop, and entered it.

She waited alone for a few seconds in a dim and crowded interior, already mildly exhilarated; for here were things which portended well: unusual carvings in ebony and ivory, some Chinese black and white wood-cuts of animals which immediately appealed to her, Indian embroidered silks of the richest quality . . . nothing she wanted, and yet all, she felt, the prelude to a discovery. Then a linen curtain parted, and with the eyes of a discoverer, a young man stood surveying her.

He was a tall Bengali, dressed in the European fashion, and she was struck by his good looks. For a moment he looked at her in silence, then smiled very slightly.

"What can I do for you, please?"

With a faint trace of irritation and arrogance, Lady Milling said: "Perhaps I might look round? I'm trying to find a present."

"Please do," he said. "And I shall do my best to help you find what you want."

She began walking round the shop. Yes, here were things above the average in taste and quality, but her interest was in the young man rather than in his wares. He spoke English almost without trace of an accent, suggested a European culture somewhat rarely found in a back-street Indian shopkeeper.

She moved slowly, not concentrating on her task. She sensed in him an indifference, even, at her expense, a faint amusement, which awakened in her a corresponding sense of hostility.

"Had you any particular sort of thing in mind?" he asked.

"Nothing whatever."

"Excellent!" he said. "Then you will be quite open to suggestion."

There was something in the perfectly innocuous way in which he said that which made her hit back: "But ninety-five per cent of what I see will for one reason or other, be debarred. Although I don't know what I want, I do know what I don't want."

The young Bengali smiled appreciatively. "A client after my own heart!" he said.

"Oh, and why?"

He raised his hand eloquently. "So—*experienced.*"

"Yes," she said, "true enough! I have spent many hours, very many hours, looking at this kind of thing. You see, we have a collection."

"Of course," he said, assured, courteous, "I quite understand. And the passion for collection persists?"

"I'm buying a birthday present." She added quite angrily: "For my husband, who has everything in the world! Everything!"

"Certainly," said the Bengali, looking into her eyes, "everything."

It was only then that she realized that they were standing still, that she had interrupted her search. What an excellent salesman he was, to devote time and patience first of all to flirting with his women customers!

"I presume that you are the proprietor of this business?" she said. "If so, I congratulate you."

"Thank you," he said. "I am the proprietor, and I take that as a very great compliment."

A versatile people, she reflected; in a generation they change from Asiatics of three thousand years ago to failed B.A.s of Calcutta University with something resembling the English manner. But how enigmatic they are! How difficult to understand!

Then she saw it—the silver scabbard, the chain-work on the handle with a great amethyst in it—it was lying almost out of view in the shadow of a wooden idol. She picked it up.

"What is this?"

"An old Tibetan dagger, I'm very fond of it."

She forgot that she was quarrelling with him. "But—it's *beautiful!*" She drew the blade from the scabbard, held it poised in her hand; and knew that here was the end of her odyssey. She stared: a paper-knife for Wentworth's table, in place of the mediocre ivory thing he used!

"And the price?"

"Two hundred rupees."

"That's a lot of money."

"It's an old one. From Lhasa. You'll never see another like lt. Actually it's worth to a buyer who wants it anything I like to ask for it."

"I shall buy it, it happens to be exactly suitable." She put it down, but could not keep her gaze from it for long. "Yes, it's exactly right. I've been looking all the afternoon for that knife. I find it completely satisfactory."

"I'm so glad. It must have been a long search to have brought you here?"

"It has been," she confessed, "as a matter of fact, rather an exasperating one."

"I'm glad," he said, "that it has ended so happily."

Happily? She looked up fancying a note of sarcasm. And then, she laughed, her gay little peal of laughter.

He looked at her, puzzled; and understanding, or misunderstanding, his gaze hardened.

He picked up the dagger, asked: "Would you like it sent?"

"No," she said, "I'll take it." She opened her bag, counted out the notes. "There." She had offended him. She had won, proved her power over him.

"I'll have it wrapped up for you."

"There's no need at all. I'll get a taxi on the corner."

He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and when a moment later, in response to his call, a youth appeared at the back of the shop, he ordered him: "Wait here." Then he opened the door of the shop, and with her dagger Lady Milling walked out, he following.

"Shall I send for a taxi?" he asked.

"No, I shall walk for one."

"Then if you will permit it I shall walk with you."

Dusk was falling, and feeling suddenly lonely and a little lost, she did not refuse his offer; she knew then that she had not completely escaped from the spectre which had haunted her that day. They had reached the corner, and the street which they now entered presented a scene of teeming life such as, years before, had delighted and appalled her.

But there was not a taxi in sight and she regretted the impulse which had made her pay off the one that had brought her. She was uneasy with her unusual companion, badly wanted to be finished with him.

"I'm pleased to have seen your shop. In India one never knows what surprise awaits one." She added: "One continually learns something fresh."

"From you, Lady Milling, a startling confession!"

She looked at him then in surprise. "How do you know my name?"

"Of course I read the illustrated papers."

They walked a little way in silence. Then:

"In point of fact, you never see India at all," he said, slowly and quietly.

"No?"

"No. You're afraid to, that's why. You never let yourself see it, in all its splendour and horror, with its immense pent-up power, its tragic disappointments, its frustrated effort hopelessly renewed. You never even see the Indian street scene, Lady Milling, because you're afraid to; it would upset you!"

"Really?" She said, furious and fascinated.

"Yes, really! You live, hermetically sealed in your imported little European world, and life flows past you. How much you save yourself, and yet how much you miss!"

She was profoundly shocked by the echo in his words of her thoughts of a few hours before. Quickening her pace a little, she said: "How eloquent you are."

But as she walked, a little ahead of him now, she did watch the street carefully, partly for a taxi, and partly to challenge his words. The crowds of clerks going home, the thronged shops, the beggars on the pavements . . . well, what could one do about it all, anyway? After eighteen years in the country, she began to know the people—or didn't she? (Parties and luxurious homes; servants and cars and yachts; His Excellency requests . . . His Highness will be honoured. . . .) She watched the white-clad clerks go by packed in their trams and buses; a beggar extended a twisted and emaciated hand: "Mem sahib, mem sahib. . . ." And oh! the beauty of this ugly street, almost overpowering: the tree flowering before the shuttered house; the slender, relaxed body of a boy asleep in an archway; the lamps in the windows; in measureless space the great glow of the falling sun; the single, brilliant star in tourquoise; green boughs surmounting a white wall! She saw a taxi approaching, and infinitely relieved, waved to it. It was empty; and obediently the driver brought it alongside the curb.

"At last!" she said, with a choked little laugh.

A small child darted from somewhere and opened the door for her, held it open. The driver pulled down his flag.

She looked at the tall young Indian, mute beside her, at his handsome, troubled face; and then down at the small boy who held her door: straight black hair, great brown eyes, tattered blue shirt, bare legs and feet; the child grinned expectantly at her, friendly, frank, and adorable. A wave of compassion swept over her then, an overwhelming desire for release, and, trusting her impulse, she gave him the silver dagger, that perfect present.

"Here," she said in Hindustani, "take it! Go on—take it!" The child took it, stared at her. "Now run off," she commanded, and he hesitated—then disappeared helter-skelter along the pavement, away round a corner.

With a brilliant smile, Lady Milling turned to the young Bengali:

"There," she said triumphantly, "there goes your dagger from Tibet!"

A minute later the taxi carried her away into the dying light, leaving him staring after her on the pavement.

END

1.5.47

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad £1 1s. 0d. per annum, 10s. 6d. for six months, single copies 1s. 9d., and for Canada £1 0s. 0d. per annum, 10s. 0d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

No headache under the bonnet

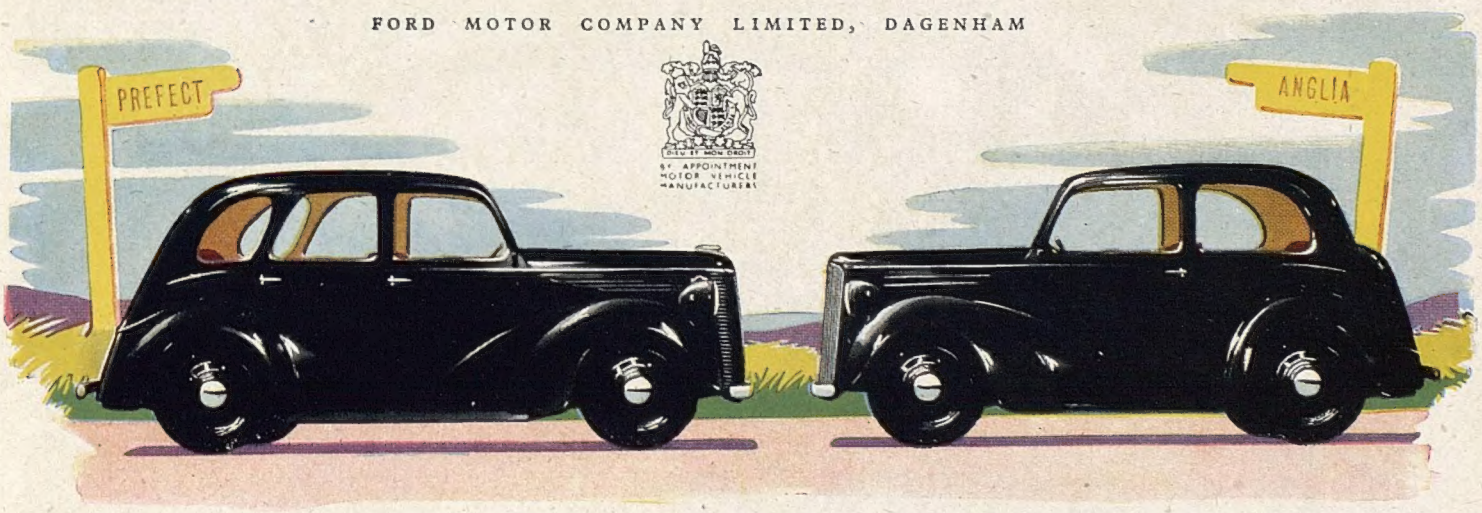
Headaches in a car generally lie under the bonnet, for there the engine lives. The way to prevent them goes back to the drawing board on which the engine was designed, to the making, and the inspection at every stage. There are hundreds of inspectors at the Ford Works in Dagenham; that means a lot of inspecting. If anything falters after that, there are Ford trained mechanics at Ford Dealers, and standard fixed charges for all repairs and spare parts. Our only headache at the moment is delivery, but please be patient. The cars are coming along — fast.

PREFECT 10 h.p. £275 (Plus £77.2.9. purchase tax) ANGLIA 8 h.p. £229 (Plus £64.7.3 purchase tax)

Ford

CONSTANT IN PERFORMANCE

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM



BIRD'S CUSTARD

BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES